

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The event of the week has been the convention of temperance delegates from all over the province, which assembled here on Tuesday and Wednesday. The delegates have been warmly welcomed, as their cause is dear to such an exceedingly large number of our citizens. Indeed, it would be fair to say if the convention had met to discuss the temperance question alone, that there is not a man, woman or child in the corporation who would not theoretically at least be an adherent of their cause. The object of the convention, however, exceeded what many conceived to be temperance, insomuch as it was to promote prohibition by the securing of an overwhelming majority as the plebiscite in January. The "many" to whom I refer are of the opinion that the word temperance is intended to cover the quality of being temperate in more things than the use of strong drink; that indeed people worthy of being called temperate should abstain from excesses of all kinds, including excessive legislation. While thoroughly approving of the present laws restricting the drink traffic, it seems to me that prohibition is an excessive measure, and consequently intemperate and ill-advised.

I should not like to be understood as standing amongst the scoffers who sneer at the temperance movement, for we can all remember when drunkenness was very much more prevalent than now and are willing to admit that temperance organizations have done much to bring about the change. Speakers at the convention have perhaps gone too far in claiming all the credit as belonging to such organizations for having brought about the change. In Germany I made diligent enquiry and could find no trace of any temperance organizations, yet as far as I could learn drunkenness is less prevalent there than here and public sentiment is gradually making it less and less respectable to be found in an intoxicated condition. As the refinement and intelligence of a people increase, everybody must pass outside the pale of society—in its largest sense—or comply with the conventionalities and submit to the restraints which are found necessary to insure good behavior. These restraints are not imposed by law, they do not interfere with the doctrine of free will, simply because they are self-imposed and are the result of education rather than legislation. Profanity in speech, for instance, is much more rare than it was, not because it is unlawful but because it is rude, unmannerly and offensive. But let us concede that the temperance people have been the direct or indirect means of bringing about the improved condition of affairs in Canada as regards the sale and use of intoxicants. Let us further concede that they are all actuated solely by a desire to still further benefit the community morally and materially, and not by "mere pride and conceit of opinion which loves to assert itself for the sake of asserting itself; that indeed they are not moved by a desire to display their superior goodness," even then but little of their position has been conceded. That they have accomplished something, though that something may be of great importance, does not prove that they are infallible or even unlikely to go too far in their crusade.

Great changes cannot be brought about suddenly. The ballot, which is being invoked as a means of ridding ourselves of what is admittedly an evil, was not itself obtained by the masses until they were educated up to the point of being able to demand it and evinced intelligence enough to force it from their rulers. The ballot suddenly placed in the hands of the ignorant is not a blessing to a nation, but a curse, as has been shown by the enfranchisement of illiterate and undisciplined American negroes. The cases are not parallel, but they both point to the fact that people must be educated up to a certain point before they are given a good thing. It is equally certain that they must also undergo a long course of training before they can be prohibited from using or doing morally bad things. The Czar of Russia may oppress his serfs; the Emperor of Germany may impoverish the nation by keeping an enormous standing army, and still the people do not rise up in rebellion, but if either of them were to attempt to enforce a law prohibiting the manufacture, sale or use of intoxicants, neither throne would last a week, for even the soldiers would rise in mutiny. Such law might be beneficial if it could be enforced in those countries, but it could not, because the people are not prepared for it, and in every land, no matter how slightly civilized, it is held that the subject has a perfect right to eat and drink what he sees fit. I doubt if Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria were to promulgate a prohibitory law whether the throne of the Guelphs could stand the strain.

It may be said that I am speaking of monarchs and tyrants, yet what greater tyranny has there been than that of the majority? When the ignorant and undisciplined majority in Paris, if not in France, seized power, blood ran in streams and heads were carried away in baskets. Good may have come out of the revolution, but in this country we are apt to expect our good to come in a slower and less disturbing manner. Prohibition might be a revolution satisfactory to the majority, but what about the minority? How will they feel? How will they act? How do minorities usually feel and act when they consider themselves robbed of what they hold to be a liberty? Resent it, of course, by word and act; and themselves together openly, break the

law secretly, and conduct themselves as defiantly as they dare. Men may be educated into a belief or coaxed into a certain line of conduct, but they cannot be compelled! The habit of believing or doing certain things may be cultivated by one's surroundings, but it is a slow process. It is too slow for the Prohibitionists, even though the temptation of much of what they have done by removing temptations and making sobriety more esteemed. If such a movement of public opinion is too slow before prohibition, what will it be afterwards? Certainly no faster, for it will encounter the stubborn resistance of those who believe they are being oppressed. In fact, education in a temperance direction will be stopped. The rebellious will continue to do as they did before and take a pride in doing so, for means will be found to gratify the taste which has not been removed by the passage of a law. Laws are obeyed either because people believe them to be just or are forced by their neighbors into compliance. Now those who are opposed to prohibition do not believe it to be just; how are their neighbors to force them into compliance? By peeping through windows

of our province. If we can tie up one of his hands of course we ought to do it, but if we have him in such close quarters and have the "under holt," as wrestling boys call it, why not tie him up altogether? I do not mean to be irreverent, but it seems to me that the whole attempt is in defiance of our Creator's intention. As individuals we must each make our own fight and by struggling against what is weak and base and self-indulgent become strong.

However, these reflections upon Prohibition as an abstract question are perhaps a little premature. The convention itself was a splendid showing of the strength of the Prohibition party, and I feel quite certain that the predictions made by the speakers that the plebiscite will result in a very large majority in favor of a prohibitory law will be fulfilled. Whether the politicians will accept it as meaning an actual desire for the passage of such an act is doubtful. Manitoba declared for such a law by a vote of its people, but no more has been heard of it. One good at least will be accomplished by the declaration

fit, or cutting it in two and, if that were possible, burning it at four ends if it so pleases him. If it were not for men who conduct themselves in this absurd way, life and its people would be a rather monotonous affair. Every day, or if the illustration be carried to its legitimate conclusion, all through life's night we meet people who are going about shading their candles with their hands or keeping them covered up with a hood lest they may blow out or burn too fast. The continual worry of keeping a candle alight is enough to tire one of having a candle, and a procession of people passing through gloom and struggling to keep their candles alight without consuming the tallow is not an inspiring sight, nor are they producing any great pageant worthy of attracting the attention of the inhabitants of this or other worlds who may be onlookers. When a little wind blows of a social, political or religious sort it is not conducive to a proper respect of the candle careers that they all get under a barn or behind a hill for fear the wick may splutter or the grease run down the wrong side. Because they hide themselves and their light the community is often left in

and go out in a strange and fitful blaze. Therefore, it would seem that the longer the candle is in burning the more dreadful seems the putting out of the light, and the shorter the time with the taper alight at both ends the less desirable does it appear for the uncertain flame to last any longer.

It may be unwise to philosophize over such things, yet the possibility seems obvious of living in a short time all the life necessary to satisfy one, while it seems impossible by a mere prolonging of days to quiet the craving of still living on and on. All this, be it remembered, is said of the candle that is not burned at the altar.

Of the other candle, which represents the devotion of a soul and an offering to God, a vow of saintly life and self-sacrifice, how beautiful it is and how few are such sacrificial lights set upon the altars of to-day at which we weaklings are supposed to worship. As age overtakes us, as our footsteps falter in the pursuit of pleasure, and, as becomes the wont of weary ones, when we sit apart, it seemeth then to us beautiful to take the old flickering, spluttering light and with trembling hand reach over and transfer its dying fire to a candle upon the altar. One of the sweetest promises that Christ gave us in His mission was that of being born again. How many men and women sit down and wish that they could live their life over again! When the candle splutters and the darkness deepens, and they are lonely, and the little circle of light seems too narrow to dispense the gloom, they wish that their light had been placed on the altar instead of having been carried in the winds of sin, selfishness and pleasure. Then the tears and the divine-thought of being born again come to us. It is the placing in our hands of a new candle, the opportunity too of placing that candle upon the altar, for it will burn nowhere else. Surely it is a most delightful opportunity to snuff out the smouldering and evil-smelling wick of the past, yet how many of us cling with burned fingers and sinking heart to the little light that is left us, unsanctified and unsatisfying, even when a taper is within our reach that would add its little dot of glory to the altar and the vestments which might represent to us the laying aside of the mortal and the putting on of immortality, the cleansing of ourselves and the basking in a new and better light.

Nor is this all of it. It is not the mere sensual enjoyment of material altar lights, but the thoughts that come:

When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbers
To a holy, calm delight.

This is the spiritual light in which the beauty of living is renewed, the stagnating sense of duty is aroused, and when every day in one's life can be made the faint image of God's own, when the voices that utter speech call to those who are protecting their candle from the draughts that creep up through the valleys from the Stygian river or warn others whose lights are blazing and whose energies are wasting in the pursuit of pleasure, lust or fame. I think it is this undefined thought that makes us love so well to sit and listen to the soft notes of the organ "where altar lights are burning and incense sweet is wafting low." We are awfully material, and really material things representing sacred things are more or less a link between us and what we ought to think and be. It seems childish that any of us should put lights at the feet of saints or burn candles on an altar, and yet not having drifted far enough away from the text which started this somewhat incoherent series of thoughts, where can the candle of life or anything representing it be better placed than at the feet of the good, the beautiful, in the presence of symbols intended to represent that which is divine, eternal, immutable, satisfying! And tell me, whoever can, what can satisfy a man or woman, whether he or she be burning the candle and protecting it with cloak or gown, or recklessly burning it where the withering winds blow and the side draughts make it flicker? What other spot is there that is satisfying? What other place is there that is even comforting? What other way is there of having our candle burn that does not either dry up the impulse of the heart or give up to strange extravagances all the energies God gave us? I do not mean that the only place is where real candles burn on real altars, but the sanctuary, be it in the heart or on the house-top where Moslems pray, be it in church or grove, it must be where our Good is, our God is!

Last week we had a condensed account of a London sensation sent to this country by telegraph. It appears that two men who were friends and companions were both more or less enamored of a ballet girl named "Daisy" Montague. Happening to meet her on the street they both desired to see her home, and she was tactless enough to announce her preference for one over the other. The one not preferred immediately began to shoot, and killed "Daisy" and his friend and then himself. It seems strange to me that men become so infatuated with actresses and women whose business it is to display themselves with no better motive than to obtain possession of the purse-strings of their admirers. There are plenty of men who become daft over an actress who, were she dressed in an ordinary way, with no public notoriety, could not make the slightest impression upon them. There seems to be



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See Page 6.

or listening at keyholes, or hiring spies to play Paul Pry upon otherwise respectable and well-behaved people? Not long ago a newspaper in its too heated advocacy of a measure—which, by the way, was opposed by the very class who are now agitating for prohibition—sent a reporter to interview a servant girl and find out what her clerical master had for his Sunday dinner. The community was insulted by such tactics; the Anti's could not say enough about the disgraceful conduct of the newspaper, "Sanctity of the home being invaded," backdoor sneakery, etc. What an outcry there would be if such tactics were pursued by the Prohibitionists of Ontario! Could any law stand the indignation of all right-thinking people which would be excited?

"Stolen fruit tastes sweet" 'tis said, and there is also an adage about forbidden fruit being much sought after, and the habit of man and womankind has exemplified the truth of the old saws since Adam and Eve risked so much for so little. It seems to me that it is God's will that things to harm us if we abuse them should be within our reach, else He would not have put the forbidden fruit so near Eve's hand and Adam's lips. If it has not been His will to chain up the Devil, I do not think a temperance movement can expel him from Ontario, Canada or this sin-cursed earth. The Inspired Word teaches us that we can keep the Evil One out of our hearts, but there is no hint that by passing laws we can keep him out

darkness save where here and there some reckless wanderer saunters gaily forth, his candle probably burning at both ends and the grease burning both hands. If it were not for these thoughtless or over-thoughtful people nobody would know when and where to let his light shine, and the habit of over estimating the value of the candle would grow to such an extent that the whole interest of the world would be in preserving the wick from being consumed.

The thought of how quickly a candle may be consumed which is burning at both ends is probably more painful to those who are husbanding their tapers than to those who are revelling in the joy of producing and disseminating light. Of course if the candle is being burned in an ignoble way or for the mere pleasure of consuming it, the exalted joy of producing light and making it shine upon a hill is lost.

A strange feature of this burning of life's candle is found in the attitude of the aged. No matter how long their candles have been burning, they sit with shrivelled hands protecting the last expiring, spluttering spark. It is worthless to all except themselves, and not warming even to their cold fingers. On the other hand, those who are esteemed as so reckless and wasteful of their energies grow tired of the candle-burning business even before the two burning ends consume the center

a certain section of the human family of the masculine sex who can be interested in nothing save that which is likely to destroy them. Women in an old-fashioned way had to be sought and always evaded pursuit and publicity, and their modest and retiring disposition was considered chieftain amongst their charms. Our world seems to have rolled far away from this standard, which is even yet in vogue amongst simple, barbarous and semi-civilized people; now the woman who individually has the largest number of admirers is the one who has the least regard for the prejudices of her sex and is most conspicuous in displaying the most unwomanly traits of character. It is inconceivable to me why men of otherwise good sense sit before the footlights and feed the baser part of their nature by looking at painted and unwomanly exhibitions. Is there not something wrong with an education which does not provide these men with an appreciation of the artistic without at the same time banishing their minds with the grosser features of a stage representation?

To an artist his model is as inanimate as his picture. To the educated who look upon the picture the model is suggestive of nothing but the beauty of the thought. To the impure who gaze upon it there is nothing but a thought of the flesh from which it was painted. It is very likely to be asked if it would not be better to put plenty of clothing upon all those who appear on the stage and in pictures and in statuary, than try to separate the meaning of the artist and the material. I do not think so. I think the hope of the world is in making nature and the charms of nature less of a mystery, less of a rarity. Education does not consist of concealments but of a proper understanding of that which is seen. It is the lack of education, of refinement, that sets lads in their first youth and old men in their dotage crazy over actresses and such revelations as they have been unused to. In suggesting the philosophy of preventing this untutored hankering after the notorious and the nude, I wish to be careful to draw the line between that which is artistic and beautiful and that which is vicious and suggestive. The barrier between them is, however, high. It is in the mind of the observer that the difference lies, and of course with the great and wonderful mass of humanity it is difficult to find where the purity and beauty of the conception of what is seen ceases, and the impurity of suggestiveness begins. In art and the drama and the beautiful things which tend to elevate and purify mankind, the dividing line is always there and it is always at the same point. It is not necessary to appeal to the dramatist or to the painter or the sculptor to put more clothing on his heroines or his heroes; it is more necessary to appeal to the good sense of a civilized world to produce a class of men and women who are not depraved in thought and find no suggestiveness in the display of such human charms as God placed in the Garden of Eden without any covering whatever. It is only when such a display is made viciously and suggestively, as it too often is on the stages of cheap theaters and on the pages of dirty newspapers, that they become dangerous. How they become dangerous is a matter for general consideration. To prevent them from being money-making features is something for the police, but a realization of the fact that the artistic, the beautiful, and a proper conception of the whole subject, which can only be known as artistic taste, should be disseminated amongst the masses, must not be forgotten. The straight-laced and the prudish are to be blamed for making a mystery of that which should not be a mystery, for the prurient and the panders to the lowest instincts take advantage and make profit out of displays which are as artistic and ugly and abhorrent to a cultivated taste as will be to a cultivated palate.

In this, as in other questions of judgment and decency, the one extreme makes it possible for the other extreme to obtrude itself. When we finally find out by experience that repression irritates and produces unreasonable desire, then we will probably act in all matters on the basis of educating the people to know what is desirable, or not concealing the undesirable but of making it appear in its proper and repellent colors. This is all that can be done. It is the logic of all law and of all practice.

When traveling I notice that the people who are least used to the vicissitudes of the road or steamer are the most unreasonable in their demands. While it must be admitted that inexperience should be excused, when we remember how irritating and wearisome long journeys are, yet I imagine it would not be unprofitable to briefly state a few points which are pretty thoroughly established in the ethics of traveling. I do not pretend to be cognizant of the whole philosophy of the thing, yet there are some rules the violation of which is considered to be inexcusable. They can be best described in connection with a series of illustrations.

When a traveler arrives late at a station it is a mistake for him to think that he has a right to have his baggage checked while others who have been standing for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes are left waiting for their turn. First come, first served. Neither has he a right to rush through a crowd and expect to be recognized at the ticket window while others are pushed back. He may be going a thousand miles while those in advance of him are only going ten; the importance of his mission cannot be recognized; the rule is, take your turn. Those who want to be sure should be early. In getting staterooms on a steamer you are expected to fall into line. If you wish to be first be early, or secure your stateroom in advance.

When you get irritated don't talk out loud and make a scene. The railway or steamer official will come out of it better than you will; he is used to that sort of thing and has a great many little tricks for making the traveler feel very small. If you jump on him he is apt to jump back and maintain his dignity and the propriety of his position. If you get him alone and talk to him quietly he will probably rectify any mistake that has been made.

Do not expect any more than you buy. Com-

ing down the lakes on a C. P. R. steamer recently three different ladies, each accompanied by two children, severally made application for a stateroom for themselves and an extra one for the children, quite forgetful of the fact that they were paying nothing either for the food or transportation of the bairns. They grew very warm because they did not get it, though they must have been well aware that the steamer was crowded. One mother made quite a scene because she and her children were forced to eat at the second table, entirely disregarding the fact that the two children, for whom she was paying nothing, would each take up as much room as an adult and as much attention of the steward as if they were paying full rates.

I imagine that on a sleeping car there are as many "spats" as could be contrived in any other place. Ladies always want lower berths and are shocked and pained to find that commercial travelers and great big able-bodied men have secured all the desirable places. The chances are that these men travel all the time and secured their berths three or four days, probably a week, in advance. They work in the daytime, travel at night, and must get their rest, and the most favorable surroundings are none too restful. Yet I have seen apparently refined women importune and insult men of that sort because they did not volunteer to give up a lower berth in their favor. Of course a man is exceedingly rude and selfish to refuse an invalid or an aged person, yet it must not be forgotten that he has his rights and that even the old and the infirm should take the ordinary precautions to provide themselves with proper accommodation. As a rule ladies do not ask the owner of the lower berth to transfer it to them, but send the porter and consider they are doing a very sick piece of business if they promise him a quarter if he is successful in his mission. It is well for travelers to know that it is against the rules of the sleeping car companies for a porter to make any such proposition. He has no right to ask the owner of a lower berth to give it up to anybody; in fact, he is specially forbidden to do so. If a lady wants any such advantage she must ask it for herself. I remember one night before I was acquainted with this rule I was sitting in the smoking-room with a number of friends, and I was soft enough to let the porter move my berth four times, though I had secured the original location long in advance. When I went to bed I found my head right near an open door and I was airily located up near the roof. I caught a cold that lasted me two weeks, and when the "old lady" for whom I had made the last sacrifice arose in the morning I discovered a chipper young person of about twenty who was quite as able to climb upstairs and stand a draught as I was. I threatened to report the porter but did not. A dozen of us talking over the matter at the hotel next day, pledged ourselves that the next time, and every time, we were made the victims of any such "funny business" we would make no complaint to the porter, but simply report him to his superior. That is the proper way to kick.

About a month afterwards I became cognizant of a very unpleasant condition of affairs in which I was but one of many victims, and for the first time in my life I reported a man. I do not think I ever felt so mean or small as when I undertook the mission of denouncing a blackguard who should never have been in any position higher than that of working in a drain or carrying a hod. I screwed up my courage and, supported by the sense that I was doing my duty as one of the traveling public, stated the case to the man who was responsible for all his subordinates. A more astounded official I never saw. He made inquiries and found out the truth of the whole matter, and I can assure you that there was a grand explosion. This it seems to me was the right thing to do, though it is an unpleasant task. Many of the people who serve you and take the opportunity of being negligent or insulting are so sweet and active when the official eye is turned on them that you would not recognize them as the same people. It is beneath one's dignity and entirely ineffectual to quarrel with them; it is the duty of everybody to report them. The whole trouble is that people go away from a hotel, or a train, or a steamer, angry and offended, while those who should know what has happened are left in entire ignorance of the occurrence. The kicking is almost always done over something that is unreasonable and trivial, while large matters are entirely overlooked.

Those who travel but little and are not likely to suffer from the repetition of inconsiderate or uncivil conduct had perhaps better make up their minds to bear it, but those who are unfortunately forced to go about a great deal should make up their minds as an atom of the traveling public to do their very best to rectify wrong things. In this way their reasonable protests will result in transforming that which is unpleasant into that which is proper and agreeable.

Of course I know that the informer, no matter whether he or she is doing right or not, is looked upon with a certain amount of suspicion as a busybody and a kicker. Anyone who does not make a protest on the most reasonable and absolutely incontrovertible ground is a busybody and a nuisance. I am only speaking of the things which must be changed in order to make traveling endurable. To change these things should be the aim of every traveler: to comply with all that is reasonable and proper in the rules and regulations of transportation companies without a murmur and with all good nature is also the duty of every traveler.

By the way, a little point occurs that is worth stating. If you have bought a berth in a sleeping car—and each berth be it remembered is a double one—it gives you the right to have a friend sit with you. I have seen two or three instances lately where occupants of a Pullman car seat had friends who were going but a short distance come to them from the first-class coach, and the conductor of the Pullman has insisted on collecting the "way fare." This is not right, and if it happens to

you ask the conductor for his regulations. It is little things like these that are well worth knowing, for if you invite a friend into your seat it is not pleasant to see an assessment made on him nor do you feel like suffering from the embarrassment of arguing the question. So it is well to remember that the double berth is supposed to accommodate two in a seat, and if necessary two in the bed. It is also well worth remembering that you have a right to ask for a refund for an unused ticket or the unused portion of a ticket, if the ticket you hold is so arranged as to show what portion has been used and what has not been used.

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J. STUART COLEMAN,
Ast. Agr. and Secy. T. C. A. S.
DON.

Social and Personal.

The first fall reception will be held at Government House on Wednesday, Oct. 11, when the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will be at home to callers from four to half-past six o'clock.

I have been charmed with a view of some exquisite photographs of the Greeks posings which were given at last June's closing exercises of the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution. These posings were the inspiration of Miss Lauretta Bowes, whose recital on October 30 will further demonstrate her talent in this particular line. The Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have kindly given their patronage, and the clever young artiste will be warmly supported by a large and admiring audience.

Some stylish folk attended the performance of the Crust of Society this week. The clever actors were much appreciated, and the beauty of the stage gowns delighted the ladies. Miss Otis was a moving vision of loveliness in her various rich costumes. A calling gown of tartan velvet, edged with fur and hunter's green velvet coat with an edocentus butterfly by way of bonnet, was a startling success. I have not often seen such fresh and elegant costumes as were worn by the various lady members of the caste. They were quite a fashionable and up-to-date assembly. On Wednesday evening I remarked among the audience: Hon. Frank and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mr. McCarthy, Mrs. and the Masters Carruthers, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Jack King, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Polson and a number of others.

I have pleasure in inserting a photo of the expected Australian cricketers, which I was glad to secure for SATURDAY NIGHT. The coming event is being anticipated by all with much interest and no doubt a very fine and

appreciative crowd of spectators will witness such cricket as has delighted experts across the lines and cannot fail to find a most enthusiastic welcome in Toronto. The match occurs on the 14th, 16th and 17th of this month.

A very pretty wedding was held at Trinity Methodist church, Bloor street west, on Wednesday evening, September 27, when Mr. James Lydiatt, Jr., was married to Miss Minnie Kent, daughter of Mr. H. A. E. Kent. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of the bride, 370 Huron street. The happy couple left on a late train for New York amid showers of roses and the well-wishes of their friends.

Miss Georgia Deane, solo pianist, will, by kind permission of Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, give a matinee musical at Cedarhurst, 581 Jarvis street, on the afternoon of Thursday, October 19, at half past three o'clock. Miss Jardine-Thomson and Miss Leonora James have kindly

Continued on Page Eleven.

schoohouse. A very elegant rose bowl with suitable address was presented to the popular rector, Rev. A. H. Baldwin, and a very handsome buffer loaded with good things was at the disposal of the many guests.

The exhibition of china painting, given by Miss Adams of Seaton street was very beautiful and successful, over two hundred guests visiting the studio. The rooms were artistically decorated and arranged, and much admiration was expressed for Miss Adams' beautiful work, especially that done under the celebrated German masters in Detroit.

Another fine exhibition was given on Monday by Miss Edith Hannaford, which gave distinct evidence of exquisite skill and taste. Miss Hannaford's exhibit at the World's Fair is much praised.

Mrs. Salter Vankoughnet and her daughter, Mrs. Machray, are at the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. E. Colwell of 99 Gerrard street east have gone to the World's Fair for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Bostwick are in Chicago. They will spend a fortnight in viewing the wonders of the Fair.

Mr. Webb has gone to the World's Fair.

Mrs. Higman of Ontario street has returned from the World's Fair.

Mr. Herbert Fortier, who was seen here last season as the leading man in Jane, is this season playing in the Sportsman, one of Charles Frohman's successful comedies.

Mr. Nicholas Awrey, World's Fair commissioner from Ontario, and member of Provincial Parliament for South Wentworth, gave a party on Monday evening at his temporary residence on Cornell avenue, Chicago. It was for some visiting Canadians, Mrs. Adam Armstrong strong doing the honors in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. Awrey. The guests ranged from Nova Scotians to Manitobans, but they were all young and all Canadians, so all danced and made merry.

On Tuesday evening, September 26, the Winton Assembly Club gave Mr. E. Bull a farewell assembly before his departure for New York, which proved a success beyond all description. The following are a few of those who wore pretty dresses: Miss L. Johns, green silk and white rose buds; Miss Symons, cream challies and petunia; Miss Livingston, brown silk and velvet trimmings; Miss D. Dinsmore, cream cashmere; Miss A. Malone, crimson silk; Miss B. Vicars, challies and heliotrope trimmings; Miss H. Robinson, Nile green cashmere; Miss K. Symons, white cashmere and pink rose buds. Messrs. Jones, Millar, Shannon, Eby, Ames, Davies, John, Cameron, Dr. Boyd, Cooper, McKay, Crabb, Kostan and others were present. The music and lunch were furnished by the ladies. After tipping the light fantastic until the wee sma' hours, one of the most enjoyable events of the season was ended by all singing Auld Lang Syne, and wishing Mr. Bull every success in his new home in Uncle Sam's domains.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Nairn and Miss B. Nairn left for the World's Fair and Winnipeg last week.

On Tuesday of last week Mr. Robert Fraser of Summit House, Port Cockburn, Muskoka, was married to Mrs. Whitehead of Elyria, Ohio, by the Rev. Alex. Williams of St. John's church. The happy couple have gone to Europe on a twelve months' tour.

Toronto members of the Mystic Shrine, 32nd degree, will attend the Solomon opera performance in a body at the Toronto this evening, as a compliment to Mr. Fred Solomon, who is an enthusiastic member of the society.

At the monthly meeting of the York Pioneers, on Tuesday, one of the delegates to the World's Fair Congress of Women read a very interesting paper on The Overlooked Heroines of Canada.

Hon. Senator Vidal of Sarnia was in town this week attending the Prohibition convention. Mr. Vidal is one of the brightest and most veteran workers for temperance in the country.

Mr. Frank Webster, who on Saturday last severed his connection with the firm of Messrs. G. Goulding & Sons to take a responsible position with the Bay street house of Messrs. Elliott & Son, was made the happy recipient of a handsome clock in black marble, with the hearty good wishes of the staff of the former firm.

Mrs. W. M. Fahey will receive on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 11, 12 and 13, at 45 Churchill avenue.

Misses Ida and Evelyn Booth have returned to Toronto after taking in the World's Fair and visiting their sister, Mrs. R. Edgar Farley of Seattle, for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker have removed to 33 Bernard avenue. Mrs. Walker will be at home to her friends on Friday.

Miss Weller of Cobourg, on her return from the World's Fair last week, stopped off for a week on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Weller of Beverley street. She was accompanied to Chagato by Miss Eyre of Cobourg.

Miss Emily Denison has been visiting Mrs. Lount at the Arlington Hotel during Mr. Lount's absence from Toronto.

Mrs. William N. Irwin of 289 Jarvis street has received her friends during this week, since her return from her wedding trip.

Mrs. Will Crawford will be at home to her friends the first and third Monday of each month at her residence, 133 Rose avenue.

All Saints' congregation celebrated their twenty-first anniversary as a parish on Thursday evening by an At Home and concert in the

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Special for Fall Wear

4 Br. Derby Gloves, in all shadings.
4 Br. Dressed Kid Gloves, with colored stitching.
6 Br. length Biarritz Glove, to match any costume.
4 Br. Marsy Glove (the latest), from Paris.
Special shadings in Undressed Kid Gloves for Street and Evening wear, to match any costume.

MEN'S GLOVES OUR SPECIALTY

Riding and Driving Gloves

R. & G. CORSETS P. & D.

Millinery and Dressmaking

The latest Parisian Novelties in Millinery, Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings.

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East



DOULTON

We have marked down a great many Toilet Sets, some on account of not being complete, and some to clear out odd lines.

We have a nice line of NEW DOULTON TOILETS.

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P.S.—We sell the wire frames for making shades.

IMPROVED ACCORDION PLAITING FOR SKIRTS AND BLOUSES

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Mention this paper.

OPAL

October's Birthday Stone

Of all gem, the opal is the most susceptible to light and heat. Cold obliterates its fire, whilst heat makes it fade and glow. To enjoy your opal, hold it in the palm of a ray of sunshine or under an artificial light.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an OPAL on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

Oct 7, 1893

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

Out of Town.

Ottawa.

Hon. Mr. Justice King of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick has been appointed to fill the place made vacant by the death of Mr. Justice Patterson in the Supreme Court. Mr. Justice King and family will move to Ottawa in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. J. G. Butterworth and family are visiting relatives in Shawinigan.

Mr. John Reeve, manager of the Rideau street branch of the Bank of Ottawa, has returned from the World's Fair much pleased with what he saw.

Mrs. (Dr.) Ridley and Miss Ridley of Hamilton are visiting friends in the city.

Miss Nairn, who has been visiting in the city, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. B. T. A. Bell returned from Europe on the steamer Labrador, much benefited by her trip to Switzerland.

Mrs. Turner of Millbrook, Ont., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Thomas Scott of Albert street.

The men of the G. G. F. G. were served with new tunics, which they wore for the first time on Tuesday last, when they turned out as a guard of honor.

Miss Louisa Warnock, daughter of Mr. James Warnock, was married on Monday morning to Mr. John Dunn.

On Wednesday last a very pretty wedding took place, when Miss Evelyn Goodall, daughter of Mr. Goodall of Augusta street, was united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Hood of the Customs House.

Mrs. White, daughter of Mr. Andrew White of Pembroke, and niece of Hon. Mr. Peter White, has been visiting Mrs. Chamberlain of Lisgar street.

Mr. Warren G. Soper, of the firm of Messrs. Ahearn & Soper, is at the Hotel Binda, Paris, France.

Mr. R. P. Sangers is at present in Savoy.

The congregation of Christ church presented Rev. Mr. Muckleston with an address and a purse on Wednesday evening of last week, to which he made a very suitable reply in which he expressed sorrow at leaving so many kind friends. Mr. Muckleston left for Perth, and took over his new charge last Sunday.

The many friends of Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, late Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, will be sorry to hear that he is very ill at his summer residence at Rivière du Loup.

It is currently reported that Mr. MacLeod Stewart intends contesting the city as a Conservative in the place of Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, who becomes Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest.

SCRIE.

Owen Sound.

Large and enthusiastic audiences greeted the five presentations of the Kermis recently held here, the roller rink being crowded at each performance. The programme was so large and varied that but a mere outline can be given of the principal dances, all of which were carried out in a way to show that Professor and Mrs. Melville, who undertook the direction of the Kermis, are very clever and well worthy of the reputation they enjoy. The first event was the arrival of Britannia, Canada and the United States, parts admirably sustained by Misses J. Parker, Lou Graham and F. Notter, and who when seated on their thrones, surrounded by their pages and maidens of honor, made a splendid picture. The parade of nations followed, the performers in this each carrying garlands and forming a double line supporting an archway of flowers, through which passed the three nations. During the procession Rule Britannia was sung by Mr. Eaton in a manner to arouse the most apathetic. This was followed by the various national dances, including English court dance, Maypole, Irish tilt, Highland fling, landebach, gondoliers, African, Hungarian, Spanish, minuet, sailors' hornpipe and various others, including Prof. Melville's blindfold dancing. The landebach, performed by Master and Miss Morrison and Master and Miss Paterson, was very amusing, whilst the African Topsies brought down the house and were deservedly encored. The court dance and minuet were very gracefully performed, and several very pretty exhibitions of dancing were given by individual performers, including a graceful peek-a-boo by Miss Nan Paterson, and a perfectly executed skipping rope dance by Miss I. Patterson. Mrs. C. B. DuMoulin made a very efficient herald. The whole programme was carried out in such a manner by the one hundred and fifty performers as to ensure a handsome surplus for the St. George's Sunday school building fund, for which the Kermis was held. Music was supplied by Miller's orchestra.

Getting Rid of a Quack.

In a New England city not many miles from Boston is an old quack doctor known throughout the town for his large supply of "cheek." He had no regular abiding place, but picked up his lodgings around at different cheap boarding houses, and lived on the profits of his patent medicines. He spent a good deal of his time in a certain drug store, and moreover he was accustomed to go there every morning and use the back shop to make his toilet in. He had an old greasy bottle of hair oil and a brush and comb, which he kept in the shop without leave from anybody. The proprietor got rather tired of having him around so much, and therefore he resorted to stratagem to get rid of him.

He took the hair oil bottle, poured out the oil, and carefully replaced it with a mixture of thin fish glue and bay rum. Then he put the bottle back in its accustomed place.

The next morning the old quack showed up, and after some cordial greeting to the proprietor of the store he asked leave to use the back shop, as was his habit.

"Certainly, certainly," responded the druggist, "the back shop is at your disposal."

Whereupon the old gentleman started in to arrange his toilet. Pouring out a liberal dose of the mixture in the oil bottle, he rubbed it thoroughly over his head until his hair was completely saturated with it. Then he carefully combed and parted his somewhat long locks, and placing his old stovepipe hat squarely on his head he passed out, wishing the proprietor a pleasant "good morning."

He was seen again after several days by the druggist, but it was not in the drug store. He was crossing the street, and he wore a new soft hat and an extra close hair cut. The druggist went down to a neighboring barber shop. "Did Dr. W. come in here on Wednesday?" he asked.

"I should say he did," replied the barber, "and a madder man than he was never stood up."

"What did you do for him?" enquired the druggist.

"I cut his hair to get his hat off and then I cut the hat to get the hair off. Liquid glue is pretty strong when it's dry, ain't it?"

"You bet it is," said the druggist.—*Boston Journal*.

Breaking it Gently.



Son of the House (who wishes to say something polite about our friend's astounding shooting, but who cannot pause with the truth)—I should think you were awfully clever at books, Sir!—*Punch*.

A Modest Offer of Marriage.

"A business man, thirty-two years of age, desires to make the acquaintance of a lady with a view to matrimony. Age, beauty, religion, character, nationality and fortune are of no consequence."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

FASHION PAPERS FOR THE FALL SEASON AT JOHN P. MCKENNA'S

The LADIES' PICTORIAL
The QUEEN
L'ART DE LA MODE
HARPER'S BAZAR
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TOILETS
Publisher, Bookseller and Newsdealer
80 YONGE STREET
NEAR COR. KING.
Telephone 1711

We want to see you on Saturday

That's to-day—if that's not possible, let it be next week. Our recent purchases in ITALY, FRANCE, GERMANY and the leading centers of ENGLAND and AMERICA are now opened and we are anxious that all lovers of the beautiful should see them.

It's utterly impossible to do them justice in "cold type," although we think they are the choicest lines ever imported into Canada—that's our candid opinion, but we would like to have yours.

Let it be distinctly understood that we are not now talking of your becoming a possible purchaser; it is simply one of showing you what we have. It gratifies our pride and may interest you.

RYRIE BROS.

Gems and Fine Art Goods

Included in the collection is Fine Bronzes, Statuary, Fancy Time-pieces, Works of Art, Sterling Silverware, and last but not least, a perfect treasure-house of articles in Diamonds and other Precious Stones.



S. W. COR. YONGE AND QUEEN

BUILDING SALE

ONE of the early household duties of the fall season is house-cleaning. Either means new carpets, new curtains, and various housefurnishings. We captured the carpet trade of the past season through our wonderful prices. The same will be the result, no doubt, this fall.

A good Tapestry Carpet, 20c.
A leaden in Tapestry, 40c.
Brussels Carpets, new designs, 75c.
All-wool Carpets, something good, 65c.
Lace Curtains, 34 yards, 35c. pair.
Lace Curtains at 30c. pair.
Oilcloths, 22c.

Stocks are so heavy we can certainly meet any taste.

IF YOU KNOW
SIMPSON'S TEAS
YOU'LL DRINK NO OTHER

The Mail Order Department is in lively swing at this season of year.

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8. W. cor. Yonge and Queen | Entrance Yonge Street.
Streets, Toronto. | New Annex 170 Yonge Street.
Stores Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

WOOD CARVING—To LADIES desirous of taking lessons in the ART OF CARVING, can join classes I am now forming. Private tuition if desired. Terms reasonable. Call or address T. M. CONNELL, 13 Richmond St. E.

H. A. STONE & CO., 212 Yonge St.

Important Notice

Having just returned from New York with a choice selection of newest designs for FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

MRS. THORNHILL

Begs to announce that these novelties will be open for inspection on and after September 1.

374½ Yonge Street

Store open till nine each evening.

MISS PLUMMER, Modiste

Will resume business September 1. Terms moderate. Room 28, Oddfellows' Bldg, Cor. Yonge & College Sts.

ARTISTIC : DRESSMAKING

Mrs. P. KELLOGG, 15 Grenville St.

Ladies' Evening Gowns and Empire Effects a Specialty

High class costuming after French and American measurements.

Choice lines of American Footwear by the most noted makers just received. Our reputation for manufacturing and carrying the most elegant goods is fully maintained by the stock we are now offering.

The J. D. King Co., Ltd., 79 King East

88 Per Cent. Discount

For one week off all RED SHOES AND SLIPPERS

In Ladies' sizes.

H. & C. BLACKFORD

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N. B.—All the above especially suitable for house wear.

WALLACE'S

110 YONGE STREET

Is the place to buy Ladies' Fine American (Eddy & Webster's, Rochester, N. Y.)

BUTTON BOOTS

I have them in B, C and D widths.

P. S.—Special attention given to small sizes—1, 1½, and 2.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE

"MONSOON" TEAS

Indian and Ceylon

The most delicious Tea on the market.

STEEL, HAYTER & CO.

MISS PATON

Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic, fashionable Parian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her

Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors at

R. Walker & Sons, 33 to 43 King St. East

Exclusively

ASCEND BY ELEVATOR

MISS PAYNTER

8 King St. East

FIRST FLAT

Ascend by Elevator

MISS MILLS, Dressmaking Parlors,

3 King Street East

Over J. E. Ellis' & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

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Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic, fashionable Parian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her

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MARJORIE'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretenses," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXI.

"I am afraid it is a hopeless injury." It was a London surgeon who spoke the words. Before him, in his consulting-room, sat Marjory Severne, her face white with a dismay too great to be put into words. He had been examining her hand, and was telling her what she had almost come to suspect, that one of the muscles had been irretrievably strained and would never be strong again; or, at any rate, if it ever were strong, it would be after years of rest, a verdict which put the career of a professional violinist out of Marjory's power for ever, for even if the strain were ultimately cured, even if the resulting weakness some day passed away, how would it be possible to repair the loss of weeks, of months, or of years spent in idleness? The fingers would have become stiff from disease before that disabled thumb could be strong again.

The doctor was very sympathetic. He was not a musical man himself, and did not understand the blow that he was inflicting on a lover of music, but he understood that the loss of a career was a serious matter. Its gravity seemed to be lessened in his eyes, however, when he discovered that Marjory was married and that her husband could support her.

"You might be worse off, you know," he said lightly, when Marjory turned upon him an appealing look.

She got away from him at last, feeling that all life and hope had been crushed out of her. Deep down in her heart there was a great dread of the way in which Archie would take the news. He had shown a good deal of disappointment of late, when Marjory had not been able to take up her old engagements. He had grumbled more than ever about their poverty, and asked rather impatiently where that hand of hers would be well. Marjory wished intensely that Felix Hyde were at home. She felt more dependent on his sympathy than on Archie's. Then he was a doctor, and would perhaps be able to advise her what to do. The man whose advice she had just taken was certainly a specialist in cases of the kind, nevertheless he might have been mistaken. He might have pronounced too hasty a judgment. Marjory hoped against hope, but knew all the time that it was vain.

She made her way to Miss Ferris's lodgings, in which she still retained a share. Miss Ferris was out, and the rooms looked bleak and cold. It was a chilly day in March, when a bleak frost and a bitter northeast wind made life miserable. To Marjory they seemed in harmony with the bitterness of her soul. She sat down in the draughty sitting room, and looked around her. There was the piano which Archie had played when they had first tried a duet together. She remembered the flood of sunshine that poured in at the west window, and the warm summer evenings when he first used to come. It was a very little time ago, and yet it seemed separate from the present by a century of wretchedness, and she would have to tell Archie when she got home—that somehow seemed the worst of it.

She sat there for a little while, dreaming of the present and the past. She would not wait to see Miss Ferris; she felt as if she could not endure Ada's questions and exclamations. She went out into the street and made her way on foot to the station, where she took a train which reached Southminster about five o'clock in the afternoon.

Archie was at home, and explained that he had not come to meet her at the station because he was not sure whether she would arrive by that train or not. But although the excuse was a flimsy one, Marjory was glad that he had not come. She did not want to tell him in the street of the calamity which had fallen upon her.

"Well, what did the doctor say?" said Archie cheerfully, at tea time. "How soon does he think you can use your hand again?"

Marjory was silent for a moment. "I wish you would go and see him, Archie," she said faintly.

"I go and see him! What for? Didn't he tell you what he thought?"

"Yes, he told me, but I can't believe it. I feel as if I must have heard him wrongly. I will tell you by and by, Archie. I can't tell you now."

"You are tired and overdone," said Archie. "I expect you have taken a chill. Poor little girl, don't you find your hand will be all right before long? Ever mind what those blundering fools of doctors say. Drink your tea, there's a good girl, and don't cry."

Marjory knew very well that he hated to see her cry so she managed to suppress her tears and put on a tolerably calm, if not a cheerful face, for the rest of the meal. They were sitting over the fire an hour later before she ventured to recur to the subject.

"Archie," she said, in a low voice, "I must tell you what the doctor said. He does not think that I shall ever be able to play again."

"Rubbish!" said Archie sharply. "He can't mean that."

Archie stared at her and then broke forth into angry words.

"Why were you such a fool as to practice too much, then? Why didn't you know better? Old Sandro told you not to overdo it. I've heard you say. Why, if you can't play again you're ruined your whole career."

"I know," said Marjory, trembling. Was he not going to say one word of love or pity for her in great distress?

"It can't be true; it's too ridiculous," cried Archie, still angrily. "Those meddling fools of doctors they can't tell. Why, you can't play again if you get out your violin and play in spite of them all!"

"Because—I can't, Archie."

"You can't! You won't, you mean."

"I tried this morning," said Marjory, in a level, passionless voice, as if she had no emotion left. "The thumb is quite powerless, and painful too. It is no use trying; and the doctor says it never will be strong enough for the violin."

"Good heavens!" said Archie blankly. "And all your training and everything thrown away!"

"I suppose so," said Marjory.

"You suppose so! Well, of course, it must be so," said her husband, with increasing irritation.

"You learnt nothing else in particular, all those years at Leipzig; then these two years in London, and lessons, and practices, and everything thrown away! What cursed ill luck!"

"Yes, I have not brought you much good fortune," said Marjory, with a pale smile.

"Good Lord no! I am—ah—so pathetically. I can't say it is about the worst thing that could have happened, and after the other disappointment, too. It is very unfortunate."

"What disappointment?" said Marjory.

"Old Hyde's money, of course," he said, staring at her. "You don't suppose that I should have been so mad as to marry on my income if you hadn't had expectations? Everybody said that you would have something handsome by way of a dowry from old Hyde, and then there was your music, a fortune at your finger ends, as Sandro used to say, and now there's not a penny from old Hyde, and the fortune at your finger ends has vanished into thin air, and you have got to live upon my income, I suppose, a patry £150, which wasn't enough for myself."

"Archie, don't talk like that," said Marjory. "I can perhaps give lessons; I don't know whether I shall be able to do as much as that with the violin, but it is possible, and I can

teach the theory of music, and perhaps the piano. I'm afraid I don't know anything else well enough to teach at all, but I should think I could get some pupils in theory, if in nothing else."

"A paltry few shillings here and there," said Archie, with scorn, "when everybody said you would make your thousands a year before long. It's a very unlucky business for me. Of course I counted on your being able to do something for yourself. I didn't know that your music would prove such a fiasco as all that."

"I should have done well enough," said Marjory, "if my husband hadn't given way. You may acknowledge that I was making a good beginning, Archie."

"I should like to know what use a beginning is if you can't go on to a completion," said Archie, a little brutally. "Well, I'm sure I don't know what's to become of us. It'll be a case of the prison or the workhouse, I should think, before long."

"Archie! What do you mean? Are you in debt? I know the housekeeping expenses are all right, because I paid Mrs. Jenkins only the day before yesterday, but is there anything of your own, any bill that you are bothered about?"

"Of course there is," said Archie irritably. "A man can't live on nothing, especially if he has to pay a lot of money for housekeeping, and his wife's dress, and things of that sort."

Marjory forbore to remind him that she had never asked him for a penny to spend on dress since their marriage.

"Of course, I never thought that you wouldn't earn anything, Marjory. After an expensive training like yours, a woman ought to be able to contribute her share."

"Archie, Archie! It isn't my fault," cried Marjory, the words wrung from her almost across her will.

"I am not saying that. It is your fault," said Archie, who was standing on the hearth rug now, with his shoulders shrugged to his ears, and his hands in his pockets, the very picture of discontent and ill-humor. "It's your misfortune. I don't suppose that you could help it, but if you had listened to me and old Sandro and to everyone who advised you, you would never have run the risk of overstraining your hand in that way. In that sense it is entirely your own fault, only, unfortunately, I've got to pay for it as well as you."

Marjory leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes. She did not want to see him. She wanted to blot out the vision of this handsome, sulky, ill-conditioned young fellow who was selfishly bemoaning his own loss instead of her great sorrow and deprivation. She had lost the desire to protest. If Archie chose to say these cruel things it was her duty to listen, but she would not make a reply. She had failed in her art, but that after all was nothing in comparison to another failure which seemed to be looming in the distance, the failure of that love for which she had risked her very soul.

"Well," said Archie, speaking in a defiant voice, "we shall just have to get what we can out of Felix Hyde. It's all the more necessary for us now to do something for us. He talked very grandly of a post in London for me, but he doesn't seem to have given another thought to it. When does he come back from the Riviera, I wonder?"

Marjory opened her eyes and looked at him with mingled doubt and horror.

"Archie, I hope you don't mean that you will ask him for anything?"

"Indeed I do, then," said Archie, with a laugh, "and I shall expect him to come down with something handsome too. He gave me to understand that he would do it whenever necessary, and I'm sure if it were ever necessary, it is necessary now."

"Don't, Archie, Marjory implored. "Let me see first whether I can't make an income by teaching; I'm sure that I shall get pupils. Don't lower yourself and me by asking for charity from Felix Hyde."

"I don't call it charity; I call it justice," replied Archie. "Old Hyde ought to have paid for you, there's no denying that. If Felix has fine wit, he'll see that it was a spiteful trick of the old man. Besides, he was in love—"

"Then we won't come," said Bobby with decision.

"Oh, Bobby, how can you be so rude?" came from Fanny's mouth, in a shocked voice.

"Well, I don't care," persisted Bobby, stoutly. "We can't have any fun if your mamma is there, and you know we've been half laughing. She knew pretty well what was coming next."

"Then we won't come," said Bobby with decision.

"I hope papa will not mind seeing me wear them," said Fanny almost in a whisper.

Helen put her arm round the child's shoulder.

"I think, dear, he wanted you to make use of them from what you tell me," she said, "and another thing, the dresses will be so much altered that he will not recognize them unless you tell him, and you needn't do that, you know, unless he asks."

"I think," said Helen gently, "that you are right about most of the things. They are not quite suitable for you, but here are these white muslins; they would make you a pretty summer dress, and this pink would do for the little ones. The trimmings must be taken off, and the stuff washed and ironed, then it will make you one or two pretty things for the warm weather."

"I hope papa will not mind seeing me wear them," said Fanny almost in a whisper.

Helen put her arm round the child's shoulder.

"I think, dear, he wanted you to make use of them from what you tell me," she said, "and another thing, the dresses will be so much altered that he will not recognize them unless you tell him, and you needn't do that, you know, unless he asks."

Fanny had a little comforted by this assurance and began smoothing out some of the faded ribbons with an evident admiration which showed that she had been taught to believe them beautiful. The two were so absorbed that they had failed to observe a step on the stairs behind them. Something now, however, caused Helen to look round. She saw the tall, gaunt figure of the curate, in his long black coat, standing on the topmost stair, with his hand on the banister. He was looking, not at her, but at the open box, and the billowy jersey which hung over the sides. Helen thought that she had never seen so stricken a look on a man's face. The sight of these old dresses, probably well known to him in bygone days, seemed to have turned the living man to stone. He stood for a moment looking then, without a word, he turned and went down the narrow stairs again. Helen heard him go into his little study and lock the door. She felt as if he had been detected in an act of sacrilegious curiosity. She was sorry she had yielded Fanny's desire that she would examine the box of clothes. What would Mr. Bellby think of her? Surely that was praying and peeping into what did not concern her. It was an annoying position, and Helen's face flushed as she thought of it. It was all the more annoying also because she felt that she had been all the better for that look of sorrow in his deep-set, earnest eyes. She wondered that Fanny had not heard her father's step, but the child was too much absorbed in the rearrangement of some ribbons on the dress to have a thought of anything else. It was she, and she alone, who had caught sight of that overwhelming, passionate gaze, and who realized for the first time the depth of that unspoken sorrow which had wrecked a strong man's life.

"Let us put them away now, dear, and go downstairs," said Helen gently. "Your father has come in; I heard him go into his study just now. We had better look at them again some other day."

Fanny agreed to this proposition, observing as she locked the box again that she would rather look at these things when her father was out, "because, you know, it makes him so sad when he is reminded of her."

"Was she ill for a long time?" asked Helen sympathetically.

"Yes, I think so, for a good while," said Fanny vaguely. "Papa used to sit up with her, and nurse her, and do everything. The children were all very little then, and we couldn't afford more than one servant, so papa did all the nursing you know. It made him very ill. I believe, because he stayed up so many nights, and people say that he has not been quite the same ever since. She went away to the seaside at last, and then papa told us that she was dead."

"She looks very pretty and very young," she said, scarcely knowing what else to say.

"Oh, yes, she was very pretty," said Fanny, her eyes kindling at once, "and she was looking young like that. She was scarcely seventeen when father married her, and an air of mingled coquetry and childishness at which Helen was somewhat surprised.

"She had had a little comforted by this assurance and began smoothing out some of the faded ribbons with an evident admiration which showed that she had been taught to believe them beautiful. The two were so absorbed that they had failed to observe a step on the stairs behind them. Something now, however, caused Helen to look round. She saw the tall, gaunt figure of the curate, in his long black coat, standing on the topmost stair, with his hand on the banister. He was looking, not at her, but at the open box, and the billowy jersey which hung over the sides. Helen thought that she had never seen so stricken a look on a man's face. The sight of these old dresses, probably well known to him in bygone days, seemed to have turned the living man to stone. He stood for a moment looking then, without a word, he turned and went down the narrow stairs again. Helen heard him go into his little study and lock the door. She felt as if he had been detected in an act of sacrilegious curiosity. She was sorry she had yielded Fanny's desire that she would examine the box of clothes. What would Mr. Bellby think of her? Surely that was praying and peeping into what did not concern her. It was an annoying position, and Helen's face flushed as she thought of it. It was all the more annoying also because she felt that she had been all the better for that look of sorrow in his deep-set, earnest eyes. She wondered that Fanny had not heard her father's step, but the child was too much absorbed in the rearrangement of some ribbons on the dress to have a thought of anything else. It was she, and she alone, who had caught sight of that overwhelming, passionate gaze, and who realized for the first time the depth of that unspoken sorrow which had wrecked a strong man's life.

"Let us put them away now, dear, and go downstairs," said Helen gently. "Your father has come in; I heard him go into his study just now. We had better look at them again some other day."

Fanny agreed to this proposition, observing as she locked the box again that she would rather look at these things when her father was out, "because, you know, it makes him so sad when he is reminded of her."

"Was she ill for a long time?" asked Helen sympathetically.

"Yes, I think so, for a good while," said Fanny vaguely. "Papa used to sit up with her, and nurse her, and do everything. The children were all very little then, and we couldn't afford more than one servant, so papa did all the nursing you know. It made him very ill. I believe, because he stayed up so many nights, and people say that he has not been quite the same ever since. She went away to the seaside at last, and then papa told us that she was dead."

Helen thought it a pathetic picture—the big, gaunt scholar nursing his fragile, frivolous little wife, with a host of unkempt, uncared-for children dragging at his heels. The care of

they could be used or not."

"I suppose he thought some of them could be made over again for you," said Helen. "Yes, but they're too smart for me," said Fanny, with rather a frightened look.

"Mother liked pretty things. She wore white a great deal, white and pink ribbons," said Fanny lovingly. "I don't think that would do me at all."

Helen looked at the girl's shabby stuff frock.

"Now that the summer is coming on," she said, "you might find something that would be useful to you, as you are in the country. It is more difficult to wear white things in town."

"Would you mind," said Fanny, taking Helen's hand-in-hers, "would you be so very kind as to come upstairs with me and look at the things? You could tell me what to do with them, because I really don't know, and I don't like to ask Mrs. Anderson."

"Perhaps your father would not like it," said Helen, shrinking a little at the thought of turning in over the dead woman's things.

"I'm sure he would like it better than for Mrs. Anderson to do it," said Fanny, almost reluctantly, "and you would understand what the things are for, how I could use them. Do, dear Miss Drummond, do come and help me look."

Helen yielded, a little reluctantly.

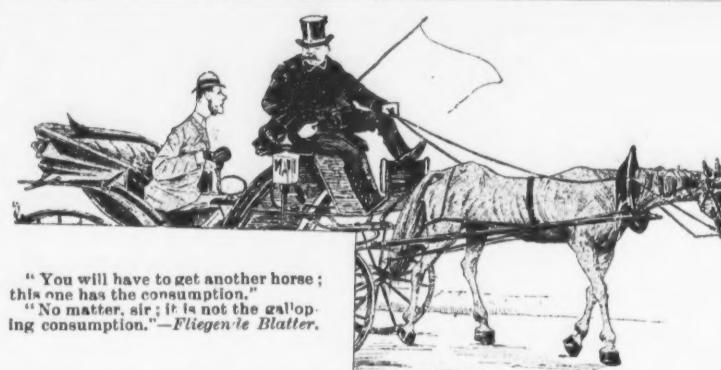
Mr. Bellby was in the village, and the children were playing in the garden. Even Mrs. Anderson was out, and a small girl from the village who assisted her was alone in the kitchen. There could not be a better time. Fanny took Helen's hand and led her up the narrow, uncarpeted stairs to a little attic in the roof, which was used as a lumber room. One large wooden box stood conspicuously apart from the rubbish of broken furniture and old portmanteaux with which the floor was strewn. Fanny explained that she came up and dusted it every day. A curious little example, as it seemed to Helen

A Lakeport Miracle.

An Experience Few Could Pass Through and Survive.

Broken Down by Congestion of the Lungs and La Grippe—Weary Months of Sleepless Suffering—A Narrow Escape.

From the Coborne Enterprise



"You will have to get another horse; this one has the consumption."

"No matter, sir; it is not the galloping consumption." —Fliegen-le Blatter.

and the words, "Liar and slave!" rushed at the little man and shook him till his teeth rattled. The mauled performer made a bolt for it, and, at the same time, justified his conduct by screaming out: "It's true, s'elp me, Mr. Macready, sir; the stage manager told me to tell you."

The Fisher Case.

STAYNER, Oct. 2.—Everyone in this section knows Valentine Fisher of Collingwood, and nearly everyone knows that for years he was deformed and crippled by sciatica and endured unspeakable suffering. The account of his complete restoration to health by means of Dodd's kidney pills recently published in the Collingwood Bulletin, were read here with intense interest, because of sympathy for Mr. Fisher and because of the marvelous claim of a man who apparently considered himself to gain death, and at an early day. As a result of the publication of Mr. Fisher's story, many in this vicinity have used Dodd's kidney pills, and always with the best results. People are awakening to the fact that diseased kidneys, in many cases, are the cause of sufferings which are ascribed to dropsy, rheumatism, sciatica and other diseases.

Insanity in every country is more prevalent among unmarried men than married persons. Marriage, it would appear, brings people to their senses.

With Invalids.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

It is the father of a precocious two-and-a-half-year-old who tells that the child was watching a lady make her toilet. The old lady had removed her false hair and her false teeth, when the astonished small boy said:

"Bet yer can't take yer neck off!"

English Opinion

A writer in Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railways says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads, he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

A well brought up child was seen secretly to purloin and pocket an orange from the laid-out dinner-table, but was afterward seen to enter the empty room and secretly again return it to the dish and triumphantly exclaim: "Sold again, Satan!"

Harvest Excursions

On August 22, September 12 and October 11, 1893, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. will sell tickets at standard single fare plus \$2 for the round trip from Chicago to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and the points in Manitoba as far as and including Brandon. For rates of fare, time tables and full information send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, No. 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.

Without Cause.

Boy—I don't know what you've got to grunt about. You don't have to go to Sunday-school and you don't have lessons to study! —Life.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1 Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2 Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3 Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4 Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

The author of *A Man of Letters* Under the Empire and the Restoration tells a story which is an example of delicate but cutting French satire.

A glutton who was conspicuously overeating at dinner excused himself from time to time by quoting the poet Boileau's well known line, "In eating well I praise the food."

"Ah, sir," said one of the guests, significantly, "you carry prattle to the point of flatulence." —*Youth's Companion*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,

A BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD,
for lecturers, teachers, students, clergymen, lawyers, and brain-workers generally.

Macready was playing in a county town, and upon a night when he proposed to perform Macbeth a small scene painter was sent to meet the bleeding sergeant. At first sight the star was quiet enough, merely scanning the local platform as one prize-fighter might judge of the capacity of another. When the night came, however, a very different scene was enacted. The sergeant dashed on, dropped upon his knee, and said:

"My lord, as I stood upon my watch upon the hill, methoughts the Birnam Wood 'gan move towards Dunsinane."

Taureauon Macready, with a growl of rage

"A bright, loving and merry person, full of mischief, given to laughter, very salacious, viracious and utterly unable to keep a secret. You tie many a knot with your tongue which you cannot undo with your teeth, and I am grieved to see a little duplicity in such a pretty study. You are affectionate, dependent and very fond of yourself."

JENNESS-MILLER'S SISTER

The Famous Lecturer to Women Sets Them An Example



"A beautiful woman in a beautiful gown" is the way they describe her.

"The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix finds fault with women," says the New York Sun, "for thinking more about their personal charms than about their souls, but Miss Mabel Jenness should not have mentioned it if I had not thought it a suitable place. The people are most kind and thoughtful."

MOLLIE DARLING — Thank you greatly for your kind appreciation. If you propose going to Chicago this month I am sure you will find it crowded, but there is plenty of room for you! I can quite recommend the Marquette, and should not have mentioned it if I had not thought it a suitable place. The people are most kind and thoughtful.

Write at once, stating your price and ask them to reserve you a room from a certain date. If you are not on time I suppose you will be prepared to pay for it, as it was vacant on your account.

JUDY.—1. Your writing shows refinement, preju-

dice, rather strong self-will. You love to rule, but will gladly obey just one person in the world, if he comes along and asks you. Your idealism, affection and constancy are marked, and you have admirable self-control. 2. I am sorry not to be able to help you. I don't care to mention names which are not found in our advertising columns in the way you desire. The article and the firm are doubtless excellent, but they cannot be advertised gratis on that account. As to your argument that it would be a boon to others to know about them, suppose you tell that to them?

JACKO.—Your writing shows much idealism, but very good sense and an earnest nature. You are constant and warm in affection, truthful to excess. If you are not already suited, Jacko, I'd recommend caution in your matrimonial venture. You'll be apt to imagine your choice such an angel that some disillusion is sure to be the result. Remember, then, not to blame the statue for being clay, but blame the sun of your fancy, which blinded you and made you think it gold. You have good refinement, a taste for art, some originality and a healthy ambition. Against all these desirable qualities, I, according to your web, set your bad traits. You are not persevering, have a very obstinate will, lack self-control, and are extremely bigoted in opinion. Your strength and weakness are close together, my friend, and each in the wrong place. Transpose them and you'll be a charming fellow.

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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The Drama.

GAIN a French play has come like an occasional intoxicant to disturb the routine of play-going. Again we have had presented to us a view of an unwholesome society where in wives deceive their husbands and husbands their wives, and all is dishonor and dirt and hollow pretense. Lured along by the sparkling talent of the leading adventures, one does not at first perceive how void of morality, how inherently unclean is the society represented in the play called *The Crust of Society*. Eliza Proctor Otis is gifted with great parts and her delineation of the character of Mrs. Eastlake Chapel is a faultless though repulsive picture. Without heart, conscience or morals, with the instincts of a ditch dweller and the graces of a princess, Mrs. Chapel pursues her search for a respectable husband. The characters, almost without exception, are lewd females and their fit male consorts, all parties of both sexes being rigged out with some sort of title to create an illusion that we are not spending an evening studying the vagaries of a bawdy house, its inmates and frequenter. Thank heaven, only in such a place can we find such people grouped together when search is made for them in this country, however it may be in Paris.

I am not condemning this play from an art standpoint. In many parts it possesses great strength, while the people are uniformly capable, and one, at least, has notable talent. There are many, however, who will contend that you cannot display true art in painting disgusting pictures on canvas, nor can there be true art in dramatic presentations of disgusting scenes and hateful social classes. There is, to be sure, this difference, that in the drama there are means afforded of showing how evil things are overcome by better things, and a virtuous condition may be compassed by the time the curtain falls. But when the curtain drops in the play under consideration, Mrs. Ernestine Echo has taken the giddy plunge by flying to Paris with a lover, to the shame of her husband; Mrs. Eastlake Chapel, her game lost, smoking a cigarette with the *sang froid* of the professional prostitute that she is, expresses her intention to run over to Paris and start a fresh crusade, so that just where virtue scores a triumph I cannot make out. In the play there is no indecency of person or of speech, but the whole basic structure of the piece is of immoral material. The virtue of the women is an article of trade and commerce; the two men, who are neither cuckolds nor dupes, are libertines of wholesale size and sleepless enterprise.

To France the thing belongs, and only the Parisian appetite can really relish such high game. Canadians may turn out in large numbers to see such a play, but when one does visit and see such a production he has much the same anticipations and sensations as has the green countryman who celebrates his visit to the city by eating frogs' legs or fresh lobsters in a restaurant, and for a month afterwards has a proud boast on his tongue but a creepy feeling in his astonished stomach. What is to become of France when the scarlet woman and the dishonest wife are the choice heroines of the dramatist and novelist? No French writer will take a maiden as the center of interest in his book and close her romance with a marriage that is inevitably honorable. He invariably pictures her as a wife, who, having had her maximum family of two, turns naturally to intrigue as the well earned and rich reward of previous virtue. There is Dumas, the younger, whose heroine, whether the loose companion of thieves and loungers or the leader of society, is alike beautiful, witty and impure. There is Zola, very similar, dashing his indecencies with a sham philosophy as he goes along. There is Tolstoi, whose books drawn by the attraction of gravity rush to the French market—who by eccentric deeds of charity advertises his obscene wares with a success that makes rival workers in corruption envious. There is the immense army of imitators spading hard in filth to win renown as literary excavators, and what can result but that the moral nostrils of reading and play-going France must lose the sense of smell! Even now, only the most noisome odors attract attention.

Oliver St. Aubyn, a man of the world in *The Crust of Society*, is cleverly played by Arthur Lewis. St. Aubyn is a man whose intrigues have no end. The limited number of female characters in the play are not deemed sufficient to illustrate his lady-killing qualities, so a suspicious duchess who does not appear in the flesh cuts quite a figure in name. She is reported to be of peerless virtue, but we are not allowed to respect even this absent lady, for that St. Aubyn in her secret favor is made plain. Yet when the adventures plans to marry the innocent Captain Northcote, you should hear this rake moralize in all seriousness on the crime of such a marriage, and you should hear a thoughtless audience applaud his sentiments. God help the cause of morality when such as he becomes its applauded champion! I would like to ask in what respect would the marriage of the prostitute to a good man be a greater offence than the marriage of such a libertine as himself to an innocent young girl like Violet Emond, whose waist he girdles, amidst applause, as the last curtain falls?

How dare he condemn the sins of one whom he coached, if he did not initiate, in sin! How dare a man come up out of the mire and expect to live in a pure home with a pure woman! What an offering he places on the altar of wedlock—a withered heart, sated senses, ennuied of the soul, affections that are seared and decayed, a mean and cheap estimate of womanhood, for matrimony a disrespect that has come away with him from the homes he has ravaged and the debts he has partitioned! The opinions I express are prudish and unusual among "men of the world." Simple faith in the virtue of woman, the honor of man and the sanctity of home is a good thing to have, for one who believes that such things exist will not become their destroyer. In Canada the belief in such things is general and justified. Whether it be in Paris or London, New York or Toronto, the reformed prostitute is the only fit wife for the reformed libertine. Let them exchange their damaged hearts, and forbid that either of their soiled persons should, with the benediction of religion and the license of the state, contaminate a pure companion.

MACK.

Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser appeared before a large and enthusiastic audience last Tuesday evening in a programme of recitations of decided interest. Whether Mr. Kleiser's very excellent rendition of his varied numbers was responsible for this interest in a great measure is not very doubtful. He has made such progress in his art that one cannot help being struck with the advance, and his versatility was evidenced by the very wide range and the perfection in every style which he evinced on Monday evening. A new departure attended with decided success was the introduction of a lime light, which fell upon the elocutionist in most appropriate ghastly green during the recitation *The Tell Tale Heart*, when the story of crime is told by the madman, the perpetrator. Seen in the unearthly light, Mr. Kleiser's face and gestures were terribly realistic and thrilling and the recitation worked up to a very fine climax. Mrs. Bolivar's exasperated rendering of *Home Sweet Home* was extremely funny, as were also Norah's Spiritualistic Ex-

periences and the clever imitations of Foreign English Heard on an Incoming Steamer. The Old Bachelor's Love Story, in down East vernacular, and the Midnight Charge at Kassassin are novelties which will be again and again heard with pleasure. The Orthodox Team, with Mr. Kleiser's comical Little Riley's introduction, hit right and left among the sects. Everyone took their medicine good-naturedly. Macaulay's well known Virginians lacked music, and especially in the first few verses was rather sing-song. Perhaps it has grown time-worn to the clever reader. Miss Lilli Kleiser, than whom no sweater songstress treads Canadian boards, was a lovely picture in her pretty blue frock and sang some beautiful songs, notably Dudley Buck's Spring's Awakening and De Koven's Good-bye to the Leaves, in a very delightful way. It was a treat to hear these sweet songs and Miss Kleiser sang them in her peculiarly earnest and sympathetic style. Mrs. Blight played Dubois' Toccata and Semiramide as the two opening numbers. She was encored and responded with a graceful little morceau. She was also the recipient of many compliments for her bright and winsome appearance and excellent performance. During the evening two floral tributes of exquisite roses were presented to Miss Lilli Kleiser. On the whole the recital and concert provided by these three Toronto artists was most enjoyable, and apart from the zest with which one always appreciates the first entertainment of the season it was worthy of most decided praise.

Poor Jonathan drew a large house on Monday night, and deservedly so, as it is a class of performance decidedly superior to those generally put on the stage at Jacobs & Sparrow's house. The music is very pretty and I heard four or five talented youths singing, "Jonathan, Jonathan, you're all right," when passing along Sherbourne street about two hours after the performance, with all the enthusiasm in the world. Fred Solomon's reputation has always been high in the city and the manner in which he acquitted himself in the role of the unfortunate Jonathan caused no disappointment to his numerous admirers. From first to last his acting was well maintained and natural. I think he was at his best when portraying the vulgarity and obtuse self-assurance of an uneducated man who suddenly finds himself pitchforked into ease and affluence. The fund of humor which the playwright has introduced into the part prevents the audience from feeling the contempt with which an arrant coward is always regarded. W. F. Rochester, the impressario, is another strong man in the cast. He very cleverly portrayed the readiness of wit and action which are necessary to anyone who is something of an adventurer, and his character was sustained. Miss Madge Lessing's acting was good, but her singing and enunciation were not up to the mark, and on one or two occasions she owed the applause which greeted her from the male section of the audience to nothing else than her Lottie Collins antics. Miss Drew Donaldson's singing was greatly enjoyed. The support rendered by the other members of the company was hardly up to the standard of the leading roles.

There was lots of fun and laughter at the

Academy on Monday night, when The Rambler from Clare opened the week. Looking round at the numerous faces, each distorted by a grin, it struck me that the kodak fiend might find a new field if he were to frequent the theaters with his reflecting box, and get a few shots at some of the faces. People look desperately funny when they are laughing, and if the truth be told, extremely ugly. One man who sat next to me would make a grand subject. He would crane his neck forward, took his eye sideways at the stage, his mouth gradually stretching across his face in a deep gash, like a crack in the ice when it is breaking up, and then when Paddy McFadden told how the "pig was after a rat," or some other joke, the head would go back with a jerk and then shake from side to side in deepest mirth. That man was enjoying himself and the play was doing him good, and there were many like him. There is a spring of perennial freshness in all these Irish plays, no matter how often we have seen them. Dan McCarthy has a strong company and the leading parts are as well played as they were in previous years. People who go to see The Rambler from Clare in anticipation of enjoyment are not disappointed.

Jacobs & Sparrow's next week, Bessie Bonhill will be at the Academy of Music, while at the Grand, Alexander Salvini will appear for first three nights and Modjeska the last three.

The opening dual recital by Miss E. Pauline Johnston and Mr. Owen A. Smily will take place on Tuesday evening next in the Western Congregational church. Their recitals on former occasions in this church have crowded the spacious edifice, and the same result will, no doubt, be seen on Tuesday evening, as both artists will present new programmes.

Equal Rights.

In a large town about a hundred miles from Toronto lives an old nigger called Abe Johnson.

Abe is very deaf—very lame—and stutters. On the next lot to Abe's shanty is a fine brick residence belonging to a gentleman named Potter. One day last winter Abe called out to his son :

"Say, wa-wa-what for do-do-don't you get the wo-wo-wood in for the mo-mo-morning's fire?"

"Because we dun have no more wood."

"We do-do-don't have any mo-mo-wood, aye?" W-what the devil d'yer call that but wood?" said old Abe, pointing to a big woodpile in the lane between the two houses.

"Oh, that ther wood's Mister Potter's wood, dad; 'tain't our wood."

"Oh! Mister Potter's wo-wo-wood is it? En are w-we go-go-goin' ter sta-starve, wa-watchin' Mister Po-Po-Potter's wood?"

TOM SWALWELL.

They shine in the ev'ning, those beautiful stars,

They shine o'er the paths of the tremulous sea ; And over its breakers shake silvery taper,

That twinkle and glimmer most gloriously.

They shine in the ev'ning, those beautiful stars,

They shine o'er the shade of the shadowy dell,

Their radiance cresting the dew-drops that rest in The roses, sweet petals, the illics, fair bells.

They shine in the ev'ning, those beautiful stars,

They shine o'er the shade of the shadowy dell,

Their radiance cresting the dew-drops that rest in The roses, sweet petals, the illics, fair bells.

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Oct. 7, 1893

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

7

Between You and Me.

ITHINK it is so good to have someone to whom you can communicate a good joke! Sometimes when I am full to suffocation of a really funny conceit, such as come to you in your daily ins and outs, I am fool enough to tell it to the first person I meet. One takes great risks that way! Perhaps the person I meet is a merry soul, and we look in each other's eyes and laugh, with that essence of laughter that only uses the eyes to get out, and the joke is good and we are merry. Perhaps I am idiotic enough to tell it to a duffer—you know the kind—he who says "Te-he," and straightway asks some trivial question of detail; or to a crank, who gives a cracked cackle and says, "That reminds me of—" and you are in for it. It is awfully hard not to tell a joke when you know a good one. Then, sometimes you tell it to the wrong person altogether, to a disastrously wrong person, and you know by the hardening of the eyes and the stiffening of the lips that you made a false move, and you go miserably away with trembling heart, wondering what relation or friend, or what you have been holding up to laughter! It is, of course, safer not to ride on the devil's strip; never to cut across in front of a trolley, or step off a car backwards, or lots of other things which one does every day, and risks the consequences.

I have been reading a little book of Mrs. Besant's this morning which shows me how much stronger are words spoken than words printed. It is called the Place of Peace, and has a few golden rules for the consideration of the souls who are wearing themselves in well or ill doing and long for repose. Mrs. Besant says in a dignified way what our old friend Dr. Wild once said, in his church, in a very amusing way. "People remind me, when I see them fretting and worrying about results, of the way I used to throw a stone," said the Doctor, getting ready to illustrate as he spoke. "I used to throw, like this, and afterwards I used to squirm and wriggle and stoop, like this, as I looked after that stone, and act just as if any amount of evolutions on my part could alter its course, once it left my hand." Mrs. Besant says simply: "We have nothing to do with results, we have no time to worry over them. Work is waiting which demands all our strength, thought, time, and by giving part of each to thinking, hoping, fearing about results of work, we lose power which properly belongs to the work we have in hand." Not those words exactly, but that thought is from her wise brain, and if we could only have sense enough to act upon it what a lot of happiness we should gain, what a lot of wrinkles and gray hair we should save!

It is the proper thing to cry shame at Emile Zola, he who has written of things as they are and laid bare things our self-respect would keep hidden, and the proper thing may be good. But Emile Zola can do real good things sometimes, and a little act of his, a little letter he has written out of his great pity and sympathy for the poor French miners on strike, or rather for their wives and families, has made me kind to him. He pleads with the leaders to end the strike, he has gone among the sufferers and seen their misery and starvation and he cries out, "In the name of the poor, for the sake of the little children and the women I implore you." And perhaps his powerful cry, his unexpected appeal may have some influence, who knows?

By the way, does anyone believe that the unmasking of vice and infamy does the public any good? Does anyone feel benefited by the expose of the much chanted Musmee and Madame Chrysanthemums of Japan recently made by a clever New York writer? Is anyone glad to know the world has its black places and happy to look into them? No, no, no! Sometimes, truly, it is a stern duty to lay bare the plague spot and sad is the day and bitter the task, but just to let us look at it, not better t, no, no!

Every few weeks I receive a letter from man or maid containing the question, "Do you approve of dancing?" Well, there is dancing and dancing, and one is wise and one is foolish. Take the skirt dance of the stage; they say Miriam danced it before the hosts of Israel, and that the serpentine dance of Lotte Fuller is but the revival of the Minoan dances depicted on Greek vases. That the skirt dance has charmed the kick and the split only shows what mongrel things can creep into permission under respectable patronage. So far as dancing in society is concerned, it entirely depends on how it is done as to whether it merits approval. Some of our limber and graceful youths and maidens who floated round last winter's ball-rooms were a delight to watch, and I don't think their dancing did anyone any harm. If all the youths and maidens would shoe themselves comfortably, hold themselves gracefully and dance just as well as they knew how, loving dancing for its possibilities of grace and rhythm and exercise, I don't see why it should be objectionable. But what a task to assign them, when the modern ball-room is rarely large enough to swing a cat in, the walls are warm and close, and about two hundred per cent. more of dancers struggle than there is room for! Verily, to dance one must at least have elbow room.

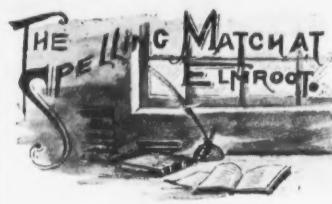
LADY GAY.

Burning His Boats.

A man who was penetrated with a sense of his own weakness, whilst thoroughly determined to break off his evil habits, inserted the following advertisement in a local paper: "A Request.—In order to give me the chance of reforming and becoming once more a decent and useful member of society, I hereby entreat all the landlords in Kronach and its vicinity never again to supply me with anything on credit.—Zollmann; Peter Doppel *vulgo* Biebigau."—Kronacher Zeitung.

A Calamity.

King—What's the matter, old man? Never saw you look so blue.
Wing—Didn't you hear of my failure? Lost every dollar I had in the world.
King—Is that so? I heard you had failed, but I had no idea you lost any money.



BY MACK.

DURING the week that intervened between the making of preliminary arrangements and the grand consummating fact, every spelling book and dictionary in the village was called into use, for those who were not chosen were partisans one way or another, and prepared lists of difficult words for their friends to study when at work and dream over when asleep. Dr. Hogg, without any concealment, invited his side up to his residence for supper and practiced them on all sorts of tricky words for three evenings previous to the contest. His reverend opponent pursued a different method—though it was reported among the unholy people down at the tavern that his side held rehearsals in the church before and after prayer meeting. He trusted his cause to the two likeliest men on his side, the shoemaker and clerk in the postoffice, and coached these on all the difficult words, particularly those of a slightly medical turn, for he expected the doctor to use some of these.

And now the night had come and every person in the village who could walk to the schoolhouse was crowded in there, until there was scarcely standing room.

Behind the desk sat Mr. Teachem, fully conscious of the delicate judicial duties devolving upon him. To his right sat Dr. Hogg, to his left Rev. Mr. Betts, each fronted by a breast-work of books and papers, each endeavoring to seem unconcerned and each equally failing. Tommy Betts shook his fist across at Bobbie Hogg, and the latter shook his fist back at Tommy Betts. The shoemaker's daughter turned up her nose at the tousle-headed boy Jimmy, and he made a face at her in return. The pupils did not know whether to act solemnly as they did in church or to cut up as they did in school. However, being youngsters, they cut up.

But the time arrived for commencing operations and the children caught the infectious interest that moved the older people. Mr. Teachem, less fluent than usual, though there was evidence in his words that he had prepared a beautiful oration which he now had partly forgotten and felt that what remained was too flowery for a sane man to utter unless in time of war announced the terms of the contest, selected the leaders of the opposing sides for selecting him as arbitrator on disputed words and called on Rev. Mr. Betts to begin.

"Animadversion," pronounced the reverend gentleman in his most ponderous way, with an articulation and a smile that implied an endless store of much more difficult words.

"A-n-i-m-a-d-v-e-r-s-i-o-n," spelled Mr. Thompson, a hard-reading farmer living on the edge of the village and Dr. Hogg's mainstay in the contest.

"Sentient," snapped the doctor, it now being his turn. He tossed the word at the shoemaker as though to bowl him off his feet.

"What is the word?" asked the shoemaker. "Give me that over again."

The doctor repeated the word but the shoemaker's eye turned nervously on the schoolmaster and then on his leader, Rev. Mr. Betts. That gentleman smiled encouragingly. He must not come down first shot.

"I can spell any darn word that's got letters in it, but there's something wrong with that one. I don't recognize the pronunciation," said Rev. Mr. Betts soothingly.

"Oh, sen-shent. S e n - s h —" but the minister's face caused him to stop. "S e n - s e - l - e - n - t," he rattled off desperately.

"Wrong," sneered Dr. Hogg. "Next one on the same side."

Two more missed the word, and then the shoemaker raised a point of order. He understood that the names of places were ruled out, but if his memory served him right "Sen-sent" was the name of a city in China. The minister waved his finger admonishingly, the doctor and schoolmaster laughed, the latter officially declaring the word legitimate.

"S e n - t - i - e - n - t," spelled the next one in the row.

"There's three of you down once, anyway," smiled the doctor. "It won't take long to dismiss your side."

Rev. Mr. Betts mildly remarked that the doctor's boast was premature. He was clearly discomfited, however.

"Dual," he propounded next. "I do not mean a contest of arms, but dual representation, for instance."

One of the doctor's men, the wagon maker, went down before this word. He had no idea of it, but the next spelled it.

"Frog," said the doctor next, with a winking eye. "I don't mean the reptile at all, but the frog of a railroad track, for instance."

This was a small word, but it must be a coker. F r o g was not right, for he said he didn't mean that kind.

"F r o - g - u - e," ventured one.

"F r a - u - g," tried the next.

"F r o - o - g," guessed another.

"F r o - g," spelled the post office clerk, eagerly and timidly.

"Right, certainly," said the doctor, amid uproarious laughter on the part of his friends. The minister was very nervous, the shoemaker and his side indignant at being made fools of by a trick.

Both sides steadied up after this, and no one missed for some time, but now and then a slip occurred, and occasionally one from this side and another from that had to resume his seat, having missed two words. The shoemaker was floored. He had too much acumen to let

ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



X.--H. M. The Queen of Italy.

the sound of the word "acumen" deceive him, so he tried to put a wrinkle in it. "Besom," knocked down the post office clerk, so that Rev. Mr. Betts' mainstays were gone, but strangely enough three of his men remained, while only the farmer stood forth to hold the floor for Dr. Hogg. But he was a host, and the doctor sat with his fighting smile wreathing his face.

"Phthisis," propounded the doctor.

Rev. Mr. Betts lunged suddenly forward, sweeping his eyes over the devoted three on whom his hopes now hung. He had expected the doctor to give out many such words as this and was rather surprised at the medical man's absence from medical words. He had drilled the shoemaker and the post office clerk on the very word, "Phthisis," but alas! they were out of the contest, and now these shorn lambs were exposed to the bleak wind of words that threatened to blow. It began to dawn on Mr. Betts that the doctor had out-generalled him all through, and had reserved a few of his choicest words until such times as a miss on the part of an antagonist meant something like defeat for the whole side. He, on the other hand, had exhausted the finest shells in his magazine early in the bombardment and was now firing minute guns at the impregnable farmer.

"I object to that word," said Mr. Betts, noting the dazed look in the faces of his men.

"On what grounds?"

"It's a medical term not in general use."

"It's in the newspapers almost every day, and therefore quite allowable," snapped the doctor. "Is it not, Mr. Teachem?"

In advanced localities it is well understood that a teacher is foolish to quarrel with a trustee. Mr. Teachem had to choose his enemy. For the first time it dawned upon him that his advanced methods had gone ahead of him and chopped his job off short at the end of his present half term. One trustee must be his enemy, whatever decision he might give, and both would be down on him if he did not speak quickly. His "F r a - u - g," tried the next, right eye, seeing the preacher, told him the word was atrociously unfair; his left eye, seeing the doctor, insisted that the word was allowable and just to a degree. His intelligence told him he was an idiot to be there, but his memory recalled that it was the doctor's hand that paid him his doctor's half quarter's salary.

"It is rather difficult to decide," he remarked in a judicial way, "but I think the word is allowable."

Dr. Hogg looked gratified, Rev. Mr. Betts indignant.

"Phthisis," repeated the doctor, glaring at the fated three. "I will pronounce it distinctly for you. Thys-is."

"T-h-y-s-i-s."

"Sit down."

"Excuse me a moment," said Mr. Betts, arising.

"Yours is no doubt the right pronunciation, I am not disputing it, but do not some authorities give the pronunciation as Tis-is?"

My two friends here may recognize it in that form."

"There is a right pronunciation for every word, Mr. Betts, and Thys-is is right, as you well know. But your two men are welcome to the hint you have given them. Next—try it, Tom!"

Tom knew a thing or two as well as anyone, and he figured there was something in the hint dropped by his leader.

"T-i-s-e-s."

"Sit down," smiled the doctor.

The members of the opposite sides divided off into groups about the schoolroom, angrily discussing the details of the contest and almost coming to blows now and then. In fact, it is

disease had of a sudden become a deadly epidemic.

He must strike out on a new line.

"T-h-i-g-h—" but he was not allowed to proceed for laughter. However, he had not previously missed a word, so had another chance. "T-h-i-s-s-e-s," he ventured, and the match was over, Dr. Hogg and his farmer triumphant, the former taking good care not to let his victory be an empty one. He tendered Mr. Betts his mock sympathy and laughed at the shoemaker.

This worthy, though knocked out early, had recovered his mettle. He asked Mr. Teachem, as chairman, to call the meeting to order, and something approaching silence having been restored he asked Dr. Hogg to spell "Thysis, P-h-t-h-i-s-i-s," spelled the doctor.

"That's it. Just what I thought. Now look here, I've seen that in the paper hundreds of times, I suppose, and always called it *vitiosis*. That's the usual pronunciation of the word—what? What do you say? I won't sit down. I've as much right to an opinion as anybody. No, Mr. Betts, I'm going to have my say. Everybody knows that you're too much of a gentleman to do some of the things that have been done here to night, and too good-natured to raise a row about a thing like this. But right's right, all the same, and I tell you if that word had been given out as *pithiosis* our side would have won. That's how it should have been given out, too; it's a good enough way for me and for lots of other people that's as good as anybody else and didn't come here to be laughed at, I can tell you."

The shoemaker was furious and might have said much more but that Rev. Mr. Betts, Mr. Teachem and others surrounded and pacified him. Dr. Hogg was in high feather, declaring that the shoemaker could not object to being laughed at when he was nothing more or less than a huge joke on two legs.

Mr. Betts was sure, and Mr. Teachem was sure, and all those who could crowd close enough to make their certainty useful to the occasion were sure, that Dr. Hogg was not laughing at the shoemaker, and that *pithiosis* was the customary pronunciation of the word, although to be strictly correct, of course, *thysis* was right. But many a man can give excellent advice to another without being well advised in his own acts, and, while Rev. Mr. Betts was quite sure that Dr. Hogg had meant no slight to the shoemaker, he conducted himself towards the medical man as though he had received some slight and had undergone treatment not to be forgiven. Towards the schoolmaster, also, he turned a chilling shoulder, and the latter looking at the doctor in search of consolation realized that that mercurial party accepted full credit for his victory and felt no gratitude to the referee who, in allowing the disputed word, had lost the friendship of the clergyman.

The members of the opposite sides divided off into groups about the schoolroom, angrily discussing the details of the contest and almost coming to blows now and then. In fact, it is

shrewdly suspected that the post office clerk and the village baker did come to blows behind the schoolhouse, where they both had clandestinely repaired to calm their nerves with a smoke, and came face to face. The baker had bad cuts on his forehead, the reputed consequence of a fall on the sidewalk, but it is well known that Dr. Hogg attended him solicitously until the wound healed, and by his political pull had the post office clerk discharged at the end of the month.

The final fact and the eventual outcome of the whole affair remains to be set forth in a few words. Dr. Hogg in attending a case of black diphtheria one day that winter came late one night to the quarantined house and found Rev. Mr. Betts nursing a dying boy, singing the while a simple song about the

sweet rest beyond. Only those who have lived in remote villages can understand the terror this deadly disease has for the inhabitants, and only those who have experienced it can understand how all, in any degree thrown in contact with the infected premises, are shut off from communion with their kind. The reverend gentleman had a wife not endowed with the beautifying grace of religion, and Dr. Hogg knew that the clergyman was there in secret. The hour, the song sung so feelingly without knowledge of any auditor but the boy whose eyes shone with the lustre peculiar to a human's last hour, the personality of the boy whom the doctor had always fancied for his many ways—all combined to produce an amazing effect. The doctor grasped the clergyman by both shoulders and gruffly bade him go home. Rev. Mr. Betts, as though

having no taste for controversy with his old antagonist, quietly arose to go, but the doctor rudely shoved him back into his seat, sprinkled disinfectants on his clothes and grasped him by both hands. Their eyes met—one pair speaking mild wonder, the other making a confession that the tongue had not the training to fashion into words. Then came cordial looks, and both men turned to the sick bed in shame-faced pretense that the boy's condition had produced their intensity of feeling. After the fierce fire of disease had consumed the young life they jointly watched over, the two men walked home, neither saying one word about their past differences. But they have been inseparable since. The doctor goes to church regularly, sits in a front pew and takes up the collection, and Rev. Mr. Betts, not to be outdone, has contracted a very bad disorder of the liver which threatens to end his days ere long. Dr. Hogg has done his best, but at last accounts I heard that he informed the church board that unless the clergyman gets the benefit of an ocean trip to England he will break down utterly. The doctor headed the list of a subscription for this purpose.

The doctor, immediately after the reconciliation, moved at a meeting of the trustees that a new teacher be advertised for, Rev. Mr. Betts mildly interposing that he had nothing against Mr. Teachem, but the doctor did nothing by halves, and a new teacher supplanted Mr. Teachem at New Year's. If he never does anything else of a meritorious nature, at least he has this reflection, that he served as a peace offering in the famous feud between Dr. Hogg and Rev. Mr. Betts.

Poor Human Nature.



A man will go to the Races, lose fifty dollars, and feel rather proud of it.



But he will spend a whole half-hour fretting and f

NOTABLE EVENTS IN HISTORY.

NO. IV.—THE IRON MASK.

Who that reads at all has not read mention of the man in the iron mask? Who has not heard of him? Very few, however, know the time and place of his incarceration and the few facts that are known to historians. Let me then give the particulars, all too meagre, of the man. Voltaire it was, who first gave shape to the story of the mask, and since that time numerous attempts have been made to establish the identity of the unfortunate prisoner, but invariably without success. The mystery of the case has only increased by these investigations.

On Thursday, September 18, 1698, a mysterious prisoner was committed to the Bastile in Paris, having been brought thither from the Island of St. Marguerite by St. Mars, who in that year exchanged the governorship of the state prison in that place for that of the Bastile. The prisoner was carried in a close litter, which preceded that of the governor, and was accompanied by a mounted guard. His face was covered with a black velvet mask fastened with steel springs, which he was forbidden to remove on pain of instant death. He was confined in one of the dungeons of the Bastile, a place of horrors, and fit only for the breeding of vermin and poisonous vapors. These dungeons were located in the towers, the walls of which, at the base, were from thirty to forty feet in thickness. Each cell had an aperture in the wall, defended by iron gratings, the bars of which were an inch thick, and so arranged that only two inches of space was left unobstructed. The dungeons were nineteen feet below the level of the courtyard, and five below



The Man in the Iron Mask.

that of the ditch surrounding the walls of the Bastile, with no opening to admit air and light except the grated window just described, which opened not into the sunlight and pure air of the outside world, but into the poisonous and filthy ditch. In such a place as this the unfortunate prisoner remained for a little over five years, when death came to his relief. November 19, 1703. During the time of his imprisonment he was not allowed to speak to anyone except the governor, who watched him with a jealous care and always kept a pair of loaded pistols within reach to destroy him in case he made an effort to reveal himself. The governor attended him at his meals and his toilet, and personally removed and examined the linen which he had worn lest he might make known his secret by means of some mark upon it. At mass he was forbidden to speak or remove his mask, the guards who attended him with loaded muskets having strict orders to shoot him instantly if he made the attempt. After his death he was buried in the cemetery of St. Paul's, and everything which he had worn or used was burned. This incident occurred during the reign of Louis XIV. Numerous theories have been advanced as to the identity of the mysterious prisoner, but no satisfactory solution has ever been reached. He was doubtless some influential person, possessed of some dangerous state secret, which the king and his advisers thought best to bury with him in the living tomb of the Bastile.

Fall Fabrics

FOR the last year, delicately tinted materials for dress wear have been in the background, so far as the weightier fabrics are concerned. A few hopsackings have shown faint fawn, heliotrope and other dainty tints, but loud colors, heavy contrasts, and deep shades have been in vogue, generally speaking. And the arbiters of fashion do not yet announce, "Nous avons change tout cela!" The fall importations, while beautifully rich in tint, incline to the deep maroons and purples, greens and browns of the spring season. In autumn 'tis meet that this should be so. Nature sets the example. The trees are in real crimson or rich brown; the meadows are dark with upturned loam; the sward is dull green; the skies arch in deep mysterious blue or hang near in leaden gray. Let us follow nature, since fashion decrees it. Let us design a suitable fall gown. Loads of bales were opened last month of cloths, silk and velvet. From these we can choose for a fair-haired belle, a lovely gown of woolen crepe, deep heliotrope, and rich brown, mingled and shaded through the crepe folds and falling into elegantly silky draperies. She may have an overskirt made in a point, an adaptation of the leaf outfit of a decade ago, or she may have a neat double skirt, the upper skirt reaching nearly to the knees and both flaring slightly. With the bodice of this gown goes a set-on basque, like the old-fashioned creations of ever so long ago, and a jacket, if one is required, very full from the waist down, behind, and shaped to the figure in front, with one deep curving dart on either side. This gown is hideous to an artistic eye, but it is chic; that will blind many a

vision, I can assure you. For a headgear a dark petticoat or brown Beaver disc may be turned, pleated and gathered into an indescribable shape; a couple of mink or weasel heads, a brown tail of fur and a perky bow and osprey may be distributed according to the fancy of the buyer and the ingenuity of the milliner, at the top, back, front or sides of the transformed disc.

A very handsome black and white costume is of black soft serge cloth, flecked in rays with white dashes of silk threads; this is trimmed with black velvet bands, a long black bow goes over the wide sleeves and basqued bodice, and the bonnet described last week would finish a very dignified and lady-like costume. The basque is not set on plain in any case. It is cut to fit enough to make it pucker slightly in loose, easy fullness, and is not at all long. Black undressed gloves with white vamps, stitching and buttons, and a black veil dotted with white, are etceteras.

I hope none of my readers will discover, as I am told a reader did last year, that to get up a dress from my description is too expensive.

The lady in question avowed that the reproduction of a certain dress would have cost her two hundred dollars. No doubt of it, but there are cheaper materials than I mentioned, for those who cannot spend so much, and perhaps there are others who would afford two hundred dollars for a first-class gown. It is not extravagant as prices go.

LA MODE.

X—INTERESTING ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

"You are under the impression that you are thinking, eh?" said Jones in a gentle, sooth-ing tone, as he turned to Jackson Peters and observed that young man with a fatherly air.

Peters maintained his silence for another moment or two, and then answered, "No, I hardly dignified my mental gymnastics with that term. I was simply turning over in what passes for my mind the notion of how little true greatness is appreciated. I told a friend your circus-tiger story and he pronounced it a monstrosity, epoch-marking lie."

"My young friend," returned Jones, "you are not associating with the right sort of people. There was nothing improbable about that story. Circus tigers frequently escape; surely your friend could believe this. A tiger's tail is long and supple, and easily tied in a knot; your intelligent friend could not deny this. The hole in the fence was only very slightly larger than the tiger's plain unknotted tail, so of course after the knot was tied it was impossible for him to withdraw it, and his capture was easy. If your friend thinks that a tiger under such circumstances would tear off his tail and go bounding away across the country without it, why, all I've got to say is that he has less intelligence than a friend of so brilliant a young man as you are should have."

"He didn't doubt any of these things," explained Jackson Peters. "Nor did he suppose that a tiger would leave his tail behind. What he wanted explained was how you induced the tiger to back up and put his tail through the knot-hole in the fence."

"Jackson, I am glad your scholarly and penetrating friend raised this question. I will explain. I had on the side of the high board fence opposite to the tiger a large tin pail of sweet cream. The idea of the sagacious animal was to put his tail through the knot-hole, insert it in the cream, withdraw it, and then lick off the adhering cream. I tied the knot in his tail before the far-sighted beast could complete the execution of his well laid plan. What you want to do, Jackson, is to get the tail off of a stuffed tiger, load it heavily with lead, and then use it to beat some sense into the head of your friend. If the able gentleman ever gets to know half as much as that tiger, he may count it the luckiest day of his life."

"While on the subject of tigers and that sort of thing, I want to mention a little experience I had a few years ago with a mountain lion in Montana. You may call it a mountain lion, or a jaguar, or a panther, or what you will—it makes no difference, of course—the fact remains that it was ten or twelve feet long, almost as big as the circus tiger. You may remember my dog Bones—I mentioned him recently in connection with certain wolf operations. Bones, you will recollect, did not make a specialty of wild beasts; he preferred the society of man, and the only wild animal I ever saw him bristle up to and put to flight was a common cotton-

Easily Held Up.

Reuben—Oh, Raz, does yo' usin' dem Boston garters fo' to hold yo' socks up?

Razberry—No, indeed.

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tail rabbit. He went at rabbits with a ferocity which was awe-inspiring, but the mere sight of the picture of a wild-cat in a book of natural history would cause him to howl dimmally and creep under my chair.

"I had a large cattle ranch in Winchester Trigger Valley. The country was new then and overrun with Indians and wild beasts. I went out one day on horseback to look after some stray stock. When about twenty miles up the valley my horse stepped on a prairie-dog hole and broke his leg. I shot the poor beast to put him out of his misery and proceeded on foot. I forgot to say that Bones was with me. I soon found that my rifle was heavy, so I cached it and pressed on. I was going across a little open park, when I was startled by the fierce, almost human cry of a jaguar. I looked back and saw the beast

bounding toward me, covering thirty feet at each jump. My first thought, of course, was of the unfortunate Bones. Tucking him under my arm, I ran. I reached a small cottonwood tree about three yards ahead of the enraged panther, and climbed it, still holding close to my valuable dog.

"I remained in the tree some two hours, during which time the biffid jaguar screamed and roared below, and as it were, beat the air into a foam with its tail. I remained calm. Poor Bones, however, was in an agony of fear, and clung to a small limb on which I had placed him, with desperation. I was becoming sleepy and was arranging for a nap on my limb, when my attention was attracted to a cloud of dust about a mile away. I soon saw that it was a band of mounted Sioux Indians, and they were coming directly for me. Gentlemen, it was not a time for esoteric speculation; rather it was an occasion for prompt, decisive, buzz-saw action; and I hope I may venture to say that I am not altogether out of place at such a time as this.

"Reaching in my pocket, I drew out my knife and hastily cut off the branch to which Bones clung. It was a small branch, and made a pole about ten feet long, with Bones glued to one end of it. The Indians were now less than two hundred yards away. Taking the other end of the pole in one hand, I hurriedly began to descend. The jaguar had spied the Indians, and stood looking at them. Their blood-thirsty yell swept down the narrow valley like a destroying wind. The tiger screamed back at them in a voice which drowned their cries as Niagara might drown the ticking of a lady's watch. When six feet from the ground I made a flying leap and lit astride the back of the tiger. Swinging my pole around, I held Bones about a yard in front of the beast's nose. He leaped for the unhappy dog with all the ferociousness of his cruel nature, whetted as it was by hunger. Of course he did not get him, as I retained my hold on the pole and my position on his back. Pointing Bones toward the Indians, I charged them, the tiger thinking to get the dog at every bound. My appearance so terrified the savages that they turned and fled ignominiously. I chased them two miles, scattering them right and left, and by joining my own cries with the yells of the tiger and the howls of poor Bones I readily scared a number of the Indians to death. When the last one had disappeared, I turned the tiger in a broad curve by swinging Bones slightly to starboard, and rode him to my ranch. The distance was twenty miles, which I covered in one hour and thirty minutes, the optimistic animal thinking that he would grasp Bones at the next jump for the whole way. I was so pleased at the success of my experiment that I kept the jaguar, tamed him, and used him for a saddle-beast during the two years that I stayed in Montana. I soon taught him the use of the bit and the spur, however, as the exertion of holding Bones out before him was too great."

"Would you advise me to tell my friend this story?" asked Jackson Peters, after Jones had been silent a moment.

"No, sir, I would not," answered Jones desicively. "Evidently your friend has no appreciation of an artistic tiger-story. Tell him that story of your own about the uncle of yours who was ridden on a rail by discriminating fellow-townsmen till he got to like it, and indignantly tore off a cushion put on the rail by some kind-hearted ladies. That ought to just about fit your friend's calibre."—H. C. in Harper's Weekly.

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Oct. 7, 1893

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

BEAUBASSIN:
A TALE OF THE ACADIANS.

By MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

Author of "Matawanda," "The Romance of Latour," "The Portrait," etc.

Now—in the above sketch The Archives of Nova Scotia have been the principal references. I have also referred to Letters from an Impartial Frenchman, Hanne's History of Acadia, Parkman's Montcalm and Wolfe, and Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia, and while claiming the privilege of the story teller, I have sought to be as authentic as possible, hoping to set before the reader an incident of history which is not generally known as is the exile of the Acadians so pathetically described by Longfellow.—M. W. S.

Meanwhile at Beaubassin affairs had developed into something serious. La Corne, the commander at Beausejour, had proclaimed that all should take the oath of allegiance to King Louis. To add to their consternation, La Loure had again exhorted them to leave their homes and move across the river into French territory. Indeed, so anxious was he to carry his point, that he threatened them with excommunication, and even went so far as to declare that if they did not heed him he would turn his Indians upon them, and, with a very significant expression of countenance, which was intended to give force to his argument, he intimated, as gently as his anxiety would permit, that he would not be very much surprised if several throats were cut, to say nothing of the amount of property which would probably be destroyed, should any aversion to his ideas be displayed. All this was in consequence of the recent news that an expedition under the command of Colonel Lawrence had left Halifax for the purpose of establishing a fort on the Chignecto isthmus, in the vicinity of Beaubassin, and was expected to arrive at any hour.

Naturally Benedict Blanchard thought deeply over this state of affairs. He had no objections to the English settling among them; in fact, he rather hoped they would. It was their country, and it followed as a natural sequence that they would look after its prosperity with a careful eye. Therefore, to all who should take the oath of allegiance and remain subjects to King George, happiness would surely come; and with a garrison of British soldiers at hand to protect them, it stood to reason that they need fear nothing from the Indians. But few of his neighbors could coincide with his views, however, intimidated as they were by La Loure's threats, and when he openly avowed his aversion to La Loure's demands they looked at him in wide-mouthed astonishment that he should so recklessly incur the wrath of that dangerous ecclesiastic.

La Loure could not brook such opposition, believing as he did in absolute submission. He was the chief missionary of the Micmac Indians, the Vicar General of Acadia, the paid agent of the French Government, and, in his own opinion, the "Great I Am" of the province. He was in league with the nobility of France. He had La Corne and even La Jonquiere under his thumb. His will was law throughout the province, or, at least, he presumed it was, and that this menial, this Benedict Blanchard, this extract of the Norman peasantry, should oppose his mandates was something which not only piqued his vanity but aroused him to the point of exasperation. He would certainly enquire into the matter without delay, and if his presumptuous opponent was crushed—and he undoubtedly would be crushed—during the investigation, it would be his own fault. Straightway he repaired to the daring culprit's domicile with feelings strained to the highest pitch of resentment.

It was late in the afternoon and Benedict Blanchard sat upon his porch sharpening a heavy-bladed hunting knife, the while he thought deeply. From within came the drone of the wheel with which Sidonie was spinning flax from her distaff. A gentle breeze was rustling the woodbine which hung about the porch. The gulls were swooping over the bay and their cries seemed to have grown weird and dolorous. Therefore, as he listened to them, it was no wonder the heart of Benedict Blanchard, burdened as it was, grew heavier.

Presently the sound of footsteps aroused him and he was so annoyed at finding La Loure before him that he sprang up instantly and stuck his knife into the post beside him with an angry gesture. For an instant the twain eyed each other with an expression that was not calculated to be conciliating. La Loure lingered only an instant, then sprang from the porch and disappeared.

The sun was fast declining, and the western sky was effulgent with crimson and gold. From the barnyards came the tinkling of bells, the bleating of sheep and the lowing of cattle. The pigeons cooed about the dove cots and the swallows chattered under the eaves. Now and then the whinny of a horse from its stall suggested that the impatient steed was awaiting his evening meal. Wagons with horses harnessed to them stood neglected, and the weather cocks on the outhouses whirred noisily in the soft salt breeze, as if calling to the dilatory husbandman to remind him of his duties. Cottage doorways stood open and the porches were deserted. Down on the beach a crowd of excited villagers watched the approach of several vessels under full sail in the distance.

"Are they coming here, think you, Monsieur Le Blanc?" said a young-looking matron who stood with her arms rolled up in her apron while the sea breeze fluttered her Norman cap and her kirtle.

"Yes, Madame Bonaventure, beyond a doubt," was the answer.

"Are they English, think you?"

"Do you not see the blood-red flag?"

"No, monsieur, mine eyes are not good enough."

"It is to be seen at the masthead of every vessel."

"Then it is not the French whom we expected to arrive with help from France!"

"The red flag is not the standard of our good King Louis, madame."

A commotion was now observed among the people, and the speakers heard someone shouting:

"Look, reverend father, look, the English! They are coming up the harbor."

La Loure was in their midst. They saw that he was about to address them and that he was very much excited. They listened attentively.

"The time has come," said he harshly, "when you must cross the river. There is no alternative. It is certain destruction to all

who remain. Make no delay as you value your lives."

But there were murmurings which aroused his suspicions.

"What!" he cried savagely. "Do you still hesitate? Then may the devil fly away with you."

His face grew livid with rage, and turning upon his heel he strode back through the village in the direction of the Indian camp.

Meanwhile those villagers who were too weak to make any resistance began to carry their household effects across the river. The crisis had come, and as darkness hovered near a disconsolate band of men and women, old and young, wended their way in the direction of Beausejour with their wonder-stricken little ones prattling and crying beside them. Lumbering wains, loaded with household goods, passed hurriedly by, while sheep and cattle mingled with the crowd and were driven to their new pasture.

As the people proceeded they cast many a backward look upon the homes they were leaving. Presently they beheld the windows of the little chapel light up with a strange lurid glare, and they paused to look at them. Then one of the windows burst with a crash and rattled to the ground. A column of smoke and flame immediately shot out through the opening, and great red tongues of seething fire leaped to the roof and ran along rapidly to the steeple. Before the amazed throng could realize what had happened the church was all ablaze. La Loure with his own hands had ignited it, and the roaring of the flames filled the hearts of the villagers with terror. Then came the yell of savages, and one after another the homes of the exiles were enveloped in flames. People were driven from their dwellings and forced to accept the fate of their neighbors. Their homes were set on fire before their very eyes, almost before they could get outside, and the roaring, crackling, leaping flames filled them with despair.

Fiercely roared the fire, and the sound of falling timbers and of crackling wood became louder every moment; but above it all was heard the disconsolate wailing of the people, who with a common impulse turned back to extinguish the fire. It was useless. A band of Indians armed to the teeth repulsed them, and with bitter lamentations they crossed the Missaguash. Brighter grew the light about them, higher leaped the flames, and great columns of dense black smoke curled heavenward, where the sky blushed red at the very sight of such a deed. One hundred and forty homes were being burned to the ground, and nearly one thousand people were rendered homeless. La Loure had carried his point.

On the bay in the glare of the firelight was a small canoe with an occupant, an occupant, a woman, a woman, the officer who were watching the approach of the English vessels from Beausejour leveled their glasses at her, they discovered another occupant lying prone in the bottom of the frail craft. The woman paled her paddle vigorously the while she directed the bow of her canoe toward the vessel, which with flapping sails was on the point of coming to an anchor. By and by the canoe was alongside, and then the French officers saw its passengers taken on board the vessel, after which they directed their attention to the burning village and the people on the river shore.

On board the vessel a strange scene transpired. Everything was hurry and bustle. The rigging swarmed with lusty Jack-tars and the sails were being furled. The anchor had been dropped and the vessel had turned with her bow toward the village. On deck a young woman was kneeling beside a man who lay upon a stretcher near the cabin. The ship surgeon was making an examination of an ugly cut in the man's shoulder. The lint and bandage was brought and the wound was carefully dressed. The woman, after the surgeon had finished.

"Are you better now, my father?" said the young woman, after the surgeon had finished.

"Are you out of pain?"

"Yes, my child, I am comfortable. But, Sidonie, are we not on board the British vessel?"

"Yes, my father. The English are very kind to us. We need not fear them."

"It is well, my child, I—I have great faith in the Englishmen, for they mean us well, they—they mean us well. But the village, child, the village?"

"It is all in flames, my father. The people are crossing the river. Our home has just fallen to the ground."

"Be it so, my child; but we are safe now. La Loure will never venture here. The British flag will protect us. I have great faith in the English."

"And I have greater faith in the good God, my father," said the young girl devoutly.

"It is well, my child," said Benedict Blanchard faintly. "Now let me—let me—rest."

Being faint from the loss of blood and realizing that they were safe in the hands of the English, he succumbed to the stupor which had been settled upon him. Sidonie still knelt beside him, gazing with affectionate solicitude upon his wan features. Presently her attention was attracted to a young man who approached with quickened step. He was in the uniform of an English officer. She looked again and recognized him.

"Claude!"

"Sidonie!"

Burst from their lips, and they were clasped in each other's arms.

Colonel Lawrence, the English commander, lingered several days in the harbor, in hopes of capturing La Loure, for whom a reward of one hundred pounds sterling had been offered by Cornwallis. But as the Vicar-General of Acadia had securely ensconced himself within the walls of Beausejour, and a pitch battle would be necessary to drive him out, all hopes of taking him prisoner were given up. Then since the village of Beaubassin had been utterly destroyed and the inhabitants had crossed over into New Brunswick, the cause of annoyance was removed, and the building of a blockhouse was deemed unnecessary. Colonel Lawrence had not the means for the building of a regular fort, consequently he withdrew to Minas, where he remained until means were provided for the larger enterprise. A few months later this enterprise was undertaken and accomplished, though not without a heavy skirmish between the English and the Indians and Acadians. The new fort was built on an elevation a short distance south of the Missaguash, and was called Fort Lawrence, after its founder.

Claude and Sidonie eventually became man and wife and settled upon their new lands in a pleasant little cabin built of logs and thatched with bark and tufts of grass. Benedict Blanchard lived with them to a ripe old age, and taught his grand-children to be loyal to the cause of Great Britain and faithful to the English settlers, who he always declared meant them well. Claude Belliveau did good service in the British army, and never regretted that he had sworn allegiance to King George, or that he had saved the English at Halifax from a terrible massacre.

As for the Acadians, the promises of the French Government were never fulfilled. They went into a barren territory, where, within sight of the beautiful farms which they had abandoned, they lived in miserable bark huts not fit for dog kennels, without clothing sufficient to keep them covered, and without food enough to keep them from starving. Such was the fate of the first Acadian exiles, and their greatest suffering was at the hands of the French Government, to which they had been so loyal.

"Ah, fear not for me, good father," said he; "I am not so blind as some of my neighbors. Not so blind as you imagine; not so blind that I cannot see that Monsieur L'Abbe is working the ruin of his own people."

The priest turned livid with rage. He took

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOHN LABATT'S ALE AND STOUT

Visitors to the World's Fair

Will find these reliable brands of pure ale and stout on sale at all the leading hotels, restaurants clubs and refreshment rooms in CHICAGO.
Families supplied by C. JEVNE & CO., 110-112 Madison Street, Chicago.

ASK FOR THEM
Brewery at London, Ont., Canada

Duchess of Oxford
AND Kitchen Witch Ranges

THESE RANGES...
Have the Largest Oven
Are Quick Bakers
Are the Greatest Water Heaters
Are the Most Economical
Are the Handsomest in the Market.
OUR PATENT DOUBLE OVEN FLUE
Insures a Quick Working Oven with smallest consumption of fuel.

Are a Grand Success! Are Sold on their Merits!
SOLD BY THE FOLLOWING CITY AGENTS:
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W. H. Sparrow..... 87 " "
W. J. Hallam..... 200 Queen " W.
Rosenthal & Sons..... 142-144 Dundas Street
Welch..... 304 " "
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T. Sturgess..... 436 College Street
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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Headache, Giddiness, Nausea after eating, Pain in the Stomach, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here. They can cure try them and these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. Two or three pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetal and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price



This is to notify you that your account at the bank of health is overdrawn; at this rate you will soon be bankrupt, unless you take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites to build you up.

It will STOP A COUGH, CURE A COLD, and check CONSUMPTION and all forms of WASTING DISEASES. Almost as palatable as Milk. Prepared by Scott & Bowe, Belleville. For sale by all druggists.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE
ADAMS' PEPSIN
TUTTI FRUTTI
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE THAT TUTTI FRUTTI IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for the mildest and easiest remedy for Fifty Years. It soothes the child, relieves the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

The CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO., LTD.

JUST PUT INTO STOCK
NEW DESIGNS IN
Bedroom Suits, Dining-Room
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AND FANCY CHAIRS AND TABLES

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WE HAVE NOW SOME FINE
Oak Sideboards and
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Fancy Tables in Solid Mahogany & Oak

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A Bottle of Good Coffee Essence is the Bachelor's Friend and the Housewife's Help.

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On a bottle of COFFEE ESSENCE is a guarantee that it is made from the best materials by the most improved process, is always of one standard quality, and that it is warranted pure.

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STANWAY & BAYLEY

42 Front Street East - - - Toronto

In Muskoka
At the Seaside
By the Lakes

Wherever the "Iron Horse" penetrates the "Hygeia Best Beverages" will keep you company. A postal card will bring them.

Packed in dozens. All flavors.

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Music.

THE flattering reception accorded Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser on the occasion of his first recital for this season at Association Hall on Monday evening last furnishes unmistakable evidence concerning the popularity of this sterling artist, whose educational work is held in such high esteem by our citizens. Mr. Kleiser was in excellent form, his renderings of the various humorous and dramatic sketches presented by him awakening considerable enthusiasm among the audience, who gave frequent evidence of their pleasure during the evening. Pleasing variety was lent the performance through the vocal solos of Miss Lilli Kleiser and the instrumental selections of Mrs. H. M. Blight, both of whom were cordially received in their respective numbers.

The Fred Solomon Comic Opera Company opened a week's engagement last Monday night at the Toronto Opera House before a large and enthusiastic audience. The general excellence of the company and the popularity of Mr. Solomon and several of his support who are favorably known in Toronto, particularly Drew Donaldson and Mr. W. F. Rochester, has had the effect of filling the theater nightly, such well known and successful works as Poor Jonathan, The Brigand and Nelly receiving bright and satisfactory representations. A fair chorus has contributed to the success of the series of performances and an excellent impression will be left behind by the company, which closes its engagement this evening, a matinee this afternoon preceding their final appearance to-night in Ermine.

The first of a series of organ recitals for this season will be given this afternoon at four o'clock at All Saints' church, Sherbourne street, by Mr. W. E. Fairclough, the talented organist of the church, whose successful recitals of two seasons ago will be remembered with pleasure by all who were able to attend. Mr. Fairclough's programme is a comprehensive one, comprising numbers by Bach, Widor, Buck, Best, Guilmant, Reed and Rea. The second of the series is announced for the first Saturday in November.

Mr. J. Lewis Browne, the newly appointed organist and choirmaster of Bond street Congregational church, officiated for the first time on Sunday last, his playing being much enjoyed by the congregations present at the services of the day.

The Massey Festival chorus began rehearsals for the season's work on Tuesday evening last in the William Gooderham Hall, McGill street. I understand that the complement of singers desired by the chorus committee is almost filled and that the system adopted of selecting the singers has resulted satisfactorily as regards the quality of the voices chosen.

I have received several letters from prominent Canadian musicians and a note from the editor of *The Organ*, Boston, expressing interest in and approval of my comments concerning the question of the effect of organ playing upon pianoforte technic. I might have mentioned among the names of organists who were equally great pianists, that M. Guilmant, the eminent French organist, at one time seriously intended devoting his time to pianoforte playing, in which sphere he had reached no small degree of virtuosity. Frederic Archer might also be instanced as another pianist who finally devoted himself to organ playing and who, at this day, with a little practice is able to hold his own with many a piano soloist. The instances might be multiplied, but sufficient has been said to prove that while organ playing in itself is not necessarily injurious to pianoforte technic, on the contrary it may be beneficial in certain respects; the price of attaining virtuosity as a player on any instrument naturally precludes an equal division of interests between any two.

An excellent idea has been successfully carried out by Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson in the organization of a ladies' string orchestra for Toronto. Mrs. Adamson has surrounded herself with about twenty-five talented and capable performers, all sufficiently far advanced in the technique of their instruments to justify the expectation of artistic success. In beginning this season's work, only such have been admitted as possess ability and a certain measure of experience, among the number being some of the best solo players in the city. With material of so promising a character to deal with, added to the artistic temperament and undoubted qualifications of the conductress, we may reasonably expect an ensemble hitherto not reached in the work of similar organizations in this city. Mrs. Adamson has already secured a number of standard compositions for an orchestra of this character and purposes introducing several novelties as well during the season.

The once celebrated Gilmore's band has been reorganized with Victor Herbert, the well known cellist, as conductor. Mr. Herbert's personal and musical qualifications for this important position are of the highest order and the old-time popularity of this renowned band will no doubt be re-established.

The excellent choir of the Church of the Redeemer have in contemplation the preparation of Neil W. Gade's beautiful cantata Christmas Eve. This will be rendered about Christmas time under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, choirmaster of the church.

I understand that Mr. W. J. Birks, organist and choirmaster of the Dundas street Methodist church, London, Ont., has resigned the position which he has held so honorably and successfully for the past eleven years, and purposed residing in England, for a time at least. While in London Mr. Birks succeeded in building up a choir which earned somewhat more than local renown, being rightly considered one of the finest in the Dominion, results due to the excellent discipline and enthusiasm of its members and the confidence they felt in the ability of their leader. Mr. Birks' departure from London will create a void in the musical

circles of that live city which will not be easily filled.

The Dominion Piano and Organ Company have been officially notified that the Bureau of Awards in connection with the World's Fair has bestowed special awards upon the pianos and organs exhibited by this Canadian firm. When it is remembered that these instruments were judged by the same standard as those of American manufacture and exhibited in competition with them, the nature of the award will be better understood and its value more fully appreciated.

The official list of awards among the piano exhibits at the Columbian Exposition also includes the name of O. Newcombe & Co. of this city, whose excellent display of pianos in the Canadian section of the Manufacturers' Building has attracted considerable attention during the progress of the Fair. Messrs. Mason & Risch are the recipients of honors for their Vocalion exhibit, which was one of the distinct musical successes of the Exposition, and Messrs. A. A. Bartholomew & Co. of this city are also awarded a premium for piano actions. Some five or six American firms who competed failed to secure any award, a fact which speaks well for the general excellence of Canadian exhibits.

The Presbyterian church choirs of Hamilton have taken the initiative in organizing a choral society for that city, and already more than one hundred excellent voices have been secured. Gaul's cantatas, The Holy City, will be the first work chosen for study.

I have received from Mr. J. Morton Boyce, F.C.C.G., warden of the Church Choir Guild (Canadian branch), particulars concerning the work this organization is undertaking in this country in the cause of church music. A system of examinations for organists, choirmasters and choristers has been established, the first of which will be held in January next. The Guild already has a large and influential patronage in the Dominion, and begins its operations under the most favorable auspices. It is the intention to hold a church choir festival in Brantford on Wednesday, November 8, in which two hundred and fifty voices are expected to take part, rehearsals for which are being held with every prospect of a successful gathering. Information concerning the Guild and its work may be had upon application to J. Morton Boyce, Brantford.

The fine choir of All Saints' church, under the direction of Mr. Fairclough, organist of the church, will hold a special Harvest Thanksgiving service on Wednesday evening next. The music includes, besides ordinary choral evensong, a new evening service by C. Lee Williams and Stainer's harvest anthem, Ye Shall Dwell in the Land. MODERATO.

The industrial Fair is so successfully over and it will be so long before the next one takes place, that a little word of criticism should do no harm to either the managers or the Industrial itself. It has been said that the Fair proper, that is, the exhibition of our agricultural and industrial products, might well be improved. This suggestion has been made in the papers without any specific instance being given, and all I propose is to supply a slight example. The musical instruments were formerly displayed in the main building, but the noise of the moving thousands, it was said, made it almost impossible to give any exhibition of the tone or capacity of an organ or piano. This discouraged many exhibitors and the managers moved that particular exhibit to a separate building, yet this year if anything the exhibitors were more dissatisfied than ever, and it now appears that it is not the noise of the passing multitude that made this feature unsatisfactory to the exhibitors, but it is the persistent pounding and banging of instruments that some exhibitors imagine to be the proper way of displaying their wares. Relays of blacksmith musicians seem to be everlasting pounding the anvil of the keyboards. Visitors could not tell the tone of their own voices, to say nothing of being unable to judge of the tones of the instruments. If it were an exhibition of how boilers are made, the din would be excusable. It is in such respects as this that a little more attention and management are necessary. It is all right to have feats of strength outside, but neither the visitors nor the exhibitors who are in earnest are pleased to find contests between piano and organ players as to who can make the most noise and stick to it longest without falling dead. Only such exhibitors as are unwilling to have the merits of their instruments compared with their neighbors can profit by such proceedings. Of course the consequence of such practices being persisted in will be to drive those who have artistic, sweet-toned and attractive instruments out of the competition. Regulations could be made preventing this hammer-and-tongues, bollermaking, Babel-producing music—save the word! Visitors interested in music will go at certain hours to hear certain instruments, certain players. Nobody wants long drawn out concerts or anything of that sort. Give everyone a chance and there is no part of the whole exhibition that could be made more popular or where the competition would be keenest.

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Social and Personal.*Continued from Page Two.*

promised to sing and a very delightful programme is the result. Mr. Deane is a finished and charming pianist whose playing has delighted some of our most musical people. Toronto's *beau monde* will doubtless crowd the pretty salons of one of our most popular hostesses and the morning concert should be the smart event of the week. Tickets may be had at Nordheimer's, Ashdown's, McConkey's, Ryrie Bros., and from Mrs. Blackstock.

Dr. W. S. Fraleigh of College street and Mr. R. G. Smyth, barrister, are in Chicago visiting the World's Fair.

Miss Maude Snarr of this city received a most flattering reception at a concert held in Wingham last week, which speaks well for the future success of this young lady.

Miss Armstrong, daughter of Dr. Armstrong of Alliston, is the guest of Mrs. Horace A. Wilson, Church street.

Mrs. T. Carbert Thompson of 39 Granville street held her first reception in her new home on Thursday and Friday of last week, when a large number of her friends called. Mrs. Thompson will be at Home on Thursdays except the first in the month.

A very pretty, quiet wedding took place on Thursday afternoon of last week in St. John's church, Ottawa, when Rev. Mr. Pollard, rector, united in marriage Miss Lizzie Bowie, daughter of Capt. Bowie of Sussex street, and Mr. Fred Stewart of Montreal. Miss Helen Robertson of Montreal was bridesmaid, and Mr. Harry Stewart, brother of the groom, acted as best man. The bride wore a very pretty travelling costume of navy blue broadcloth with fawn velvet vest elaborately braided with gold. She carried a bouquet of roses. Miss Robertson made a pretty bridesmaid in brown broadcloth and velvet hat trimmed with pink roses. After the ceremony the guests, consisting of relatives of the bride and groom, repaired to the residence of the bride's father, where luncheon was partaken of. The happy couple left by the afternoon train for New York, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Mr. R. Saxton, M.I.N.A., of Glasgow, the designer and builder of the two famous Canadian Line steamers, Campania and Lucania, was in the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Beatty of Isabella street are at the World's Fair, and are expected home on Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. Garratt leave for the World's Fair next Saturday.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Violet Burns and Mr. Andrew Thompson, which will take place next Thursday in St. Luke's church and be followed by a house reception.

Dr. and Mrs. Cowan this week celebrated by an evening reception the anniversary of their wedding. The happy event took place, as our readers may remember, just a year ago last Wednesday.

Mrs. Sills of Sherbourne street has returned from Chicago.

A beautiful outing was given by the Niagara Falls Railway Company and the Niagara Navigation Company last Tuesday to a very large party of representative gentlemen of Toronto.

*Continued on Page Twelve.***Grand Opera House****THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY****October 12, 13 and 14****SPECIAL MATINEE ON SATURDAY**

MODJESKA
... AND ...

OTIS SKINNER

Supported by a Select Company of Players, presenting

THURSDAY, OCT. 12**MARY STUART****FRIDAY, OCT. 13****MERCHANT OF VENICE****SATURDAY MATINEE, OCT. 14****AS YOU LIKE IT****SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 14****MACBETH**

Seats on Sale Tuesday Morning, Oct. 10

Prices—25, 75, \$1.00 and \$1.50

OPENING DUAL RECITAL

Pauline Johnson - Owen A. Smith
WESTERN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Tuesday Evening, Oct. 10. Tickets 25c.



JOHN TAYLOR & COMPANY
TOKYO

**WE ARE
MOVING**

Our premises at 54 Yonge Street having proved too small to accommodate our increasing business, we have secured larger and more convenient premises at

71 BAY STREET

which are being fitted up in first-class style. Provision is being made for all our departments in the same building, thereby enabling us to give entire satisfaction to our customers.

The PHOTO SUPPLY CO.
TOKYO

MUSEE THEATER**WEEK OF OCTOBER 9****THE
TALLEST WOMAN
ON EARTH****MAUD MARION****16 Years of Age
7 Feet 4 Inches High****CHECKER PLAYERS****SALUTE YOUR KING
PRINCE TINYMITE**

The Newly Discovered Nova Scotia Midget, age 16 years, 30 inches in height. He wishes to meet the Expert Checker Players of Toronto during his stay here. He is a MITE in STATURE—but a GIANT in SCIENTIFIC CHECKER PLAYING.

CAPT. MILLER'S**Historical Collection of Indian Relics.****THEATER:**

Maurice Holden
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Late of the Irishman's Love Co.
Miss Maud Huff
Billy N. Clifford
and the SAWNS

10C. ADMITS TO ALL 10**Reserved Seats 5 and 10.****IMPORTANT TO LADIES****Where to get a Handsome, Stylish MANTLE at a MODERATE PRICE****R. WOLFE****LADIES' TAILOR**

has the best assortment of Novel Designs in Mantles to be seen in the city. The new Mantles Coat with Collar and Skirt, and the newest styles in Caps, Umbrellas, etc. Also a full line of Mantles, Cloths, Velvets, Seallettes and Dress Materials; also the latest styles in Tailor-Made Dresses, Tea Gowns and Evening Costumes. We make a specialty of ordered work. Ladies leaving the city can have a Mantle or Costume made in any style desired, at no extra charge for garments remodelled into the latest styles. Your orders solicited. Do not forget.

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MOQUETTES*The most beautiful conceptions in new colorings and designs*

Our show windows all next week will be aglow with the graceful splendors of the highest styles in Moquettes. The display will be of exceptional interest as an index of the most fashionable tastes in this fashionable type of carpets. The patterns are all new and most of them exclusive, in the sense that they are not to be found anywhere else. And we are ushering them into general favor with exceptionally moderate prices.

*Among the new Carpet Exhibits
in our show rooms which are receiving the most pronounced admiration are the newly imported*

**Axminsters
and Gobelins***The variety is the largest and choicest ever shown in Toronto.***FOSTER & PENDER****TORONTO'S NEW CARPET HOUSE****14 & 16 King St. East****Now Showing a Unique Collection****Turkish Embroiderries
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DAMASCUS INLAID COFFEE TABLES****INSPECTION INVITED****JOHN KAY, SON & CO. 34 King Street West
Toronto****MANTLES**

We have just opened our new stock of Fall Mantles, Jackets, Capes and Silk Skirts. All the latest styles at extremely low prices.

NICHOLAS ROONEY, 62 Yonge St.**A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT**

Intending purchasers of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Clocks, Bronzes, Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Fancy China and Glassware, etc., should not miss the Bargains now being offered at

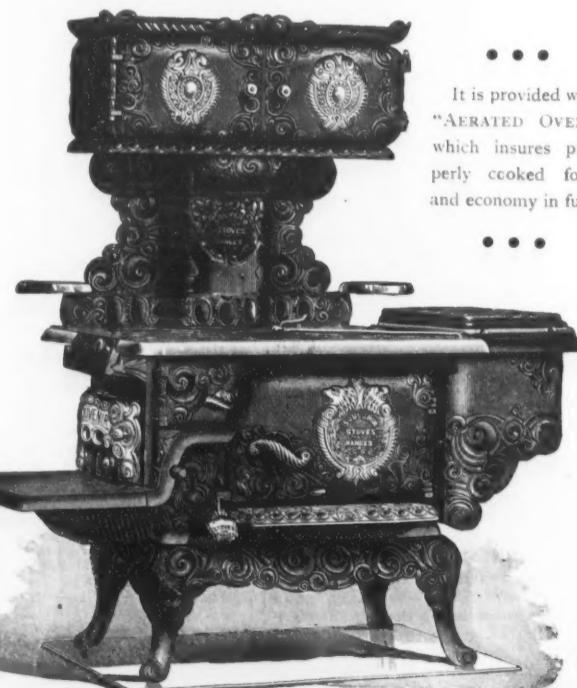
Kent Bros.' Great Clearing Sale

The whole of their immense stock, together with all new Goods arriving, are being sold at a reduction of 25 to 50 per cent. As they are retiring from business and have to vacate their premises in a few months, everything must be sold regardless of cost.

**KENT BROS., Manufacturers and Importers
168 YONGE ST., TORONTO**

DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH AN INFERIOR STOVE OR RANGE BUY THE BEST**THE "SOUVENIR" RANGE**

It is the most practical, the best constructed, the best finished and the most perfect baking Coal or Wood Range in existence.



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It is provided with
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which insures proper
cooked food
and economy in fuel.

BELL PIANOS**PURE TONE.****Highest Artistic Qualities in****Touch and Tone****Latest Designs****Elegant Cases****In Walnut and Mahogany****Rosewood, Oak and Satinwood****Sole agents for the celebrated Sohmer, (N.Y.)****Pianos, and the Emerson (Boston) Pianos.****Easy terms of payment****Bargains in slightly used upright Pianos.****Square Pianos at very low prices.****Old Pianos exchanged. Pianos to rent.****Pianos repaired.****BELL PIANO WAREROOMS****In connection with Messrs. Suckling & Sons' Music Store,****107 Yonge Street, east side, below Adelaide Street.****L. G. Callaghan & Co.****IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS****278 Yonge Street, Cor. of Alice****We beg to call the attention of the Ladies to our Special****Sale of Dress Goods and Tweeds at prices never before****offered in Toronto. All our lines are imported direct, so****you may rest assured that you will be able to get the latest****designs and styles at the lowest possible prices.****We have also got a few dozen of Opera Head Wraps,****which we imported direct from New York at about half the regular price.****L. G. CALLAGHAN & CO.****278 Yonge Street****It will work satisfactorily where other Stoves and Ranges fail. EVERY RANGE WARRANTED.****Sold by Leading Stove Dealers throughout the Dominion. Made only by****THE GURNEY, TILDEN CO., Ltd.****Successors to the E. & C. Gurney Co., Ltd.****HAMILTON, Ont.**

Social and Personal.*Continued from Page Eleven.*

The boat left Yonge street wharf at 9 a.m., and after a delightful sail and a very enjoyable trip on the electric road a *recherche* lunch was partaken of at Barnett's cafe, Queen Victoria Park. The guests, who numbered several hundred, were much pleased with the excursion and said many kind things of their entertainers. The Niagara Falls trip has been the popular excursion this season, and the electric railroad has reaped the fruits of liberal enterprise in a veritable harvest of gold.

Mrs. Price Brown left on Tuesday last for a visit to Detroit and Chicago.

Mr. Torrington has received the following letter from the famous organist, M. Guilmant:

"VENDOME HOTEL,

"BOSTON, Sept. 26, 1893.

"CHER MONSIEUR TORRINGTON.—J'ai été si occupé que je n'ai pu trouver le temps de vous remercier de votre si cordiale réception à Toronto; j'ai passé d'excellents moments avec vous, et j'ai été tout-à-fait charmé de ma visite à votre conservatoire: c'est une excellente institution et qui rend de grands services à l'art musical. En creant cette académie, vous avez fait une chose éminemment utile, dont on doit vous remercier. Avec mes meilleures souvenirs, veuillez agréer, cher collègue, l'expression de mes sentiments le plus affectueusement dévoués.

ALEX. GUILMANT."

The distinguished musician has nothing but good to say of the Queen City and the many whom he delighted by his masterly performances on the occasions of his evening and twilight recitals last month.

Dr. Elliott left on Saturday, September 30, on the Furnessia for Glasgow.

Mrs. T. R. Clougher of Grenville street has returned from British Columbia.

A letter has been received from Capt. J. Earl Halliwell, honorary secretary for the officers' At Home recently held in Belleville, protesting against the statement made by our correspondent from that place last week that many attended without invitations, and that only those whose names were mentioned were the recipients of invitations. Capt. Halliwell says that he is not aware that any attended without being invited, and he states officially that many who were invited were not in the "complete" list published. As Capt. Halliwell was secretary, his statement settles the matter and I hasten to correct a statement that was published in good faith but which I find put many respectable people in an awkward position.

Lady Caron was in town on Monday, lunched at Government House and left for Ottawa in the evening.

Prof. and Mrs. Mavor returned to the city on Monday after an absence of three months in Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Wigmore of Bernard avenue have returned from Montreal.

Mr. Walter Beardmore of this city leaves with his niece, Miss Marion McKeand of Hamilton, for a lengthy tour in Europe.

Mr. Frederick Boscoffitz, the well known pianist, has been engaged by Dr. Zingfeld to teach in the Chicago Musical College. He will be the director of the west side branch of that institution.

Mr. Herbert C. Eddis left on Wednesday for Jacksonville, Fla., where he will embark in the orange grove business. Mr. J. H. Eddis accompanies him as far as New York.

The marriage of Miss Jessie McGregor of 39 Sullivan street and Mr. James R. Code, barrister of this city, will take place at St. Margaret's church on Wednesday, October 18, at 11.30 o'clock a.m. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Prof. Clark, assisted by Revs. R. J. Moore, Prof. Huntingford and the church choir.

Mr. and Mrs. Lount, who are at present residing at the Arlington, will take up house on St. George street next month, when I shall be able to give the date of Mrs. Lount's reception days.

Baron De Gallenpeis of Italy was in Toronto on Wednesday. He was the guest of Chevalier Gianelli, Italian Consul.

Mr. G. W. Yarker is in New York.

Miss Eva May, the well known elocutionist, will spend the winter in Boston.

Mrs. Dixon, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Thompson of College street, left on Tuesday for Rutherford, N.J.

Mrs. Robert Cheaney returned from Chicago on Tuesday.

Miss Brent of Grace Hospital left for Chicago last Monday.

Sir Oliver Mowat has been advised to take a fortnight's complete rest, and has left home for a sanitorium in New York State.

Sir Richard Cartwright was in town on Wednesday.

The training school for Deaconesses, founded by Miss Wilson, daughter of Sir Daniel Wilson, was opened on Tuesday by the Bishop of Toronto at 46 St. George street. Among those who spoke were the Lord Bishop, Col. C. S. Gzowski, Rev. W. Stewart of Foo Chon, China; Prof. Mitchell of Wycliffe College, and Rev. G. M. Wrony. There were many ladies present interested in the work from the various parishes in the city.

Messrs. R. W. Elliot and David Roberts returned from the World's Fair last Sunday morning.

I was fortunate enough the other day to see what is rarely met with in Canadian art—a miniature portrait on ivory. The subject is an exceedingly pretty face of a lady whom I fancy I have met somewhere in the past. As a work of art the portrait is simply a gem. The coloring of the face is beyond my criticism alto-

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We ask the special attention of the Ladies of Toronto to our immense stock of handsome Cloaks and Wraps for Evening and Carriage Wear—the most beautiful modes of the very best makers.

- Fur Lined Capes from \$6 up.
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- New Opera Capes, delicate tint, \$20 to \$60.
- New Capes and Ulsters, latest styles and newest cloths, from \$7.40 up.

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gether, except perhaps the shadow on the chin, which I think might have been made less prominent. This, however, may be true to some extent. The wonder to me is how the colors can be laid upon the surface so as to blend so perfectly. The lace work on the dress is particularly fine, ahead of anything I have ever seen in the miniatures handed down from the last century. The taste displayed in mounting is also good. This work of art recently painted by Miss Hemming, will be shown at the exhibition of the Woman's Art Club in the Canada Life Building, and will in itself amply repay a visit to their rooms.

Mr. Isaac Campbell, one of the most popular men of Winnipeg and a leading lawyer of Manitoba, was in the city on Thursday.

Mr. W. S. Lee has gone to the World's Fair.

Mrs. Heron of St. Joseph street has been visiting the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. David and Miss Creighton and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Piper, with their daughter Ethel, have been at the World's Fair.

Mr. S. H. Westman and Mr. Jack Miller have returned home after spending two weeks at the World's Fair.

Mrs. Sydney Ashdown and her sister, Miss Scott, are at the World's Fair.

Honor for Canada.

After several weeks of close investigation and trial, the World's Fair jury of musical experts have given their verdict on the pianos and organs exhibited in Chicago.

The awards were based on actual merit of tone and construction. Name meant nothing when high merit was lacking.

When this fact became known some time ago, it caused several of the old piano firms to withdraw from competition.

They were depending on a name made many years ago, and were apparently fearful of standing the test on a basis of actual merit.

The result of the judges' award is that one of the highest medals and diplomas comes to Canada, being given to the Dominion Piano Company on their "Farewell" piano.

The award was given to a piano which was conferred on a Canadian piano, and one that does honor, not only to the Dominion Company, but to Canada. This award has furthermore been conferred over some of the oldest makers, not only of America, but of Germany, France and England.

The agents of the "Farewell" piano, Messrs. Farwell & Glendon, 122-124 Yonge street, feel particularly elated over the result.

Donning an Aristocrat.

A young aristocrat owed a Bilbao tradesman a considerable sum of money which he evidently had no intention of paying, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of his creditor to recover his own. He dodged the young hidalgos' steps from place to place, until one day he discovered him bathing off the sandy beach of the Portugalete (the outer harbor of

Misunderstood.

"So poor Jim is dead! Peace to his ashes!"
"Do you think he has gone there?"

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We are prepared to make cases to order from patterns furnished and will be glad to give estimates.

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